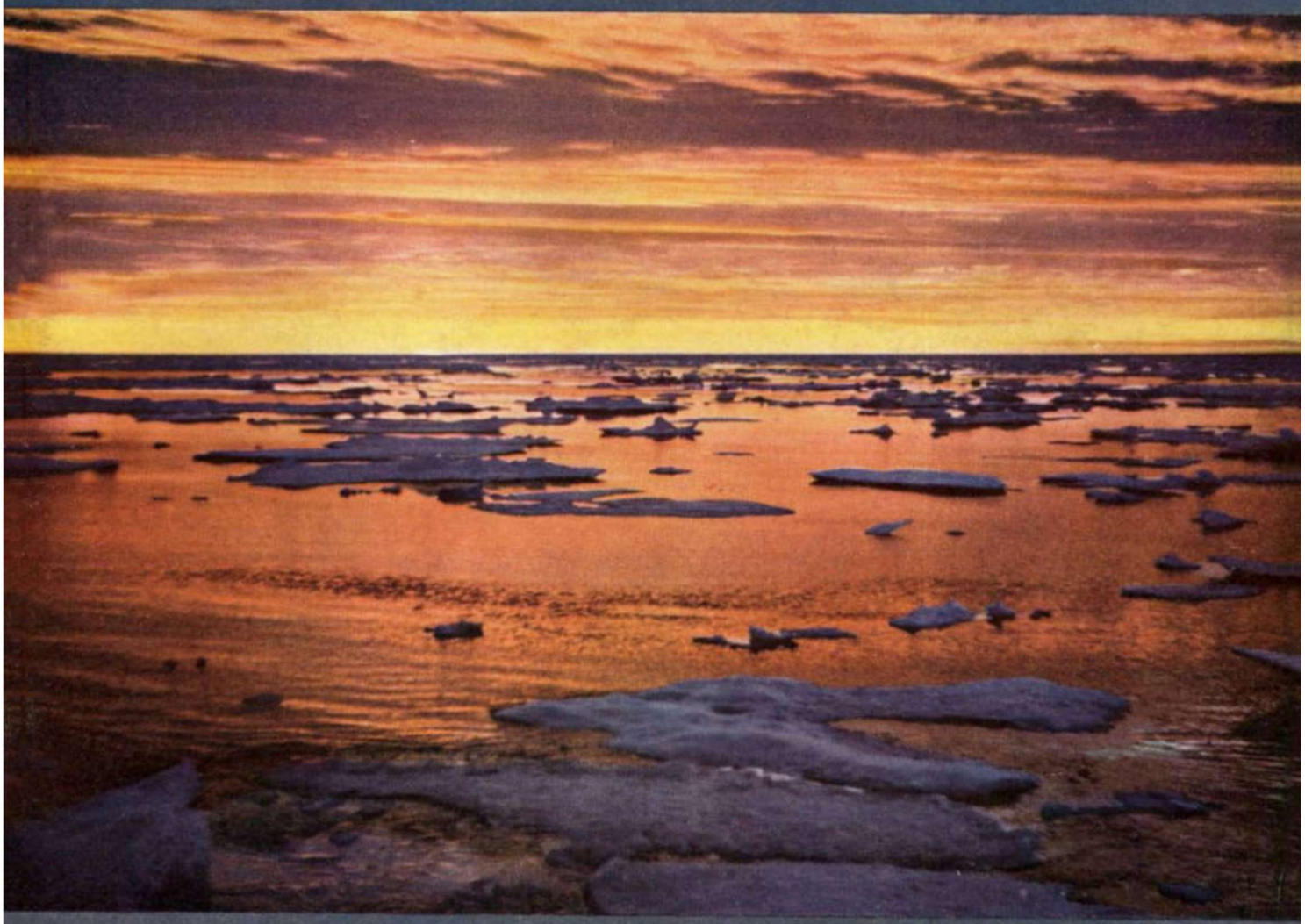
The Beaver

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

WINTER, 1955



The Beaver

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

Clifford Wilson, Editor

CONTENTS

OUTFIT 286 WINTER 1955-6

Arctic midnight—*R. S. Robertson* 1

The Sitka Affair—*Madge Wolfenden and James H. Hamilton* 3

Boundary Journal—*Patricia M. Johnson* 8

Triumph of the Trumpeter—*Lyn Harrington* 14

Fur Bearers of Canada—*Clarence Tillenius* 20

Gold Country—*George Hunter* 28

Was This La Salle's *Griffin?*—*George R. Fox* 36

Arctic Mug-up—*D. B. Marsh* 42

Nurse in the Yukon—*Rosemary Gilliat* 44

The Creation of Anoutoaloak—*James A. Houston* 50

Winter Packet 54

Northern Books 55

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE Hudson's Bay Company. WINNIPEG, CANADA

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

THE BEAVER is published quarterly by the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, commonly known as the Hudson's Bay Company. It is edited at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, at the office of the Canadian Committee. Subscription, $2.00 a year; $5.00 for three years; single copies, 50c. THE BEAVER is authorized as second class mail, Post Office Dept., Ottawa. Its editorial interests include the whole field of life and activity in the Canadian North, past and present, as well as the history of the more southerly regions, in both Canada and the United States, where Canadian fur traders formerly carried on business. THE BEAVER assumes no liability for unsolicited manuscript or photographs. Contributions are however solicited, and the utmost care will be taken of all material received. The entire content of THE BEAVER is protected by copyright, but reproduction rights may be given upon application. Address: THE BEAVER, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.

The Beaver is printed for the Hudson's Bay Company by Saults & Pollard Limited, Winnipeg, Canada; the engravings are made by Brigdens of Winnipeg Limited

By MADGE WOLFENDEN and J. H. HAMILTON

Madge Wolfenden was for eighteen years assistant archivist in the B.C. Archives. J. H. Hamilton, founder and editor of "Harbour and Shipping" has published a book on the marine history of the B.C. coast.

THE SITKA AFFAIR

New light on the assistance provided by the Royal Navy in preventing a massacre in Alaska

AN almost forgotten incident which, some seventy-five years ago, caused an uproar out of all proportion to the importance of the event, has recently emerged from the past. The finding of new information disproves conclusions formerly reached regarding the affair, which blazed into international notoriety, involving Great Britain, the United States, and Canada.

To form a background to the political situation which gave rise to the incident it is necessary to examine briefly the conditions existing at the time. To readers of the *Beaver* the early history of Alaska, and its transfer from Russia to the United States in 1867, is doubtless well known, at least in outline. Suffice it to recall that the formal transfer took place in October 1867, when General Rousseau, representing the United States, accepted from Captain Pestchouroff the Russian flag lowered at Sitka, and in its place raised the Stars and Stripes. This formal ceremony followed the conclusion of the treaty between the United States and Russia on March 30, 1867, its ratification by the Senate, and signature by the President in the same year. The purchase price of $7,200,000 was, however, not paid until the following year, pending approval by Congress of the necessary appropriation.

A small number of soldiers, about 500, constituted the protection provided, as a "military government" during the first decade of American ownership. It was apparent, however, that Alaska, at that time, would need considerable development before any determination of her ultimate form of government could be devised. There was a general acceptance of the fact that the great size of the territory and its sparse population rendered it impracticable, at first, to establish any degree of real civil government. The white population was greatly outnumbered by the Indians, the majority of the whites were in the new country for commercial reasons, without family ties, and many of them were of a type completely incapable of governing themselves. A considerable proportion were Russians who had, under the terms of the treaty, become American citizens.

Troops under command of General J. C. Davis were despatched to Sitka, the seat of government under the Russians. H. W. Clark in his *History of Alaska* says: "General Davis, in his report of 1868, recommended the Army as the fitting body to precede settlers to Alaska, as it would conciliate the Indians and manage them properly. History has shown that Army rule was the absolute antithesis of this promise."

Six posts were established, but owing to the fact that the chief means of transport within the area was by water, military posts could only exert local control. Within two years five of the posts were abandoned, leaving Sitka the sole defended position, but later Wrangel was again activated. General Davis, in later reports, advocated the need for naval ships, and from 1869 to 1877, when the Army was eventually withdrawn, his annual reports urged again and again that the Navy send a vessel to patrol the Alaska coast, to assure safety for the inhabitants and to act as a mobile factor in maintaining order. The recommendations were completely disregarded.

When the Army left in 1877, it was supposed the withdrawal would immediately be followed by stationing adequate naval vessels on the Alaska coast, and the establishment of some practicable form of civil government; but little was done for about two years, and in the interval the customs collector, who in fact had no authority to administer any law other than the customs regulations, became the sole representative of the United States Government.

Towards the end of December 1878 the differences between the white population and the Indians were accentuated by several murders, and an ambitious chief conceived the idea of inducing adjacent tribes to join him in a mass attack on Sitka for the sake of the booty.

Finally, by the end of February the situation had become so critical that a *British* warship was ordered to Sitka to protect the white inhabitants!

Various versions of this strange situation have been printed, most of them referring to it as "British intervention" and the like. But the official one, related here, definitely proving the contrary, has not heretofore been published. In order to secure a reliable account of the incident, the writers asked the Admiralty in London if they would furnish copies of the pertinent documents, and these shed an entirely new light on it.

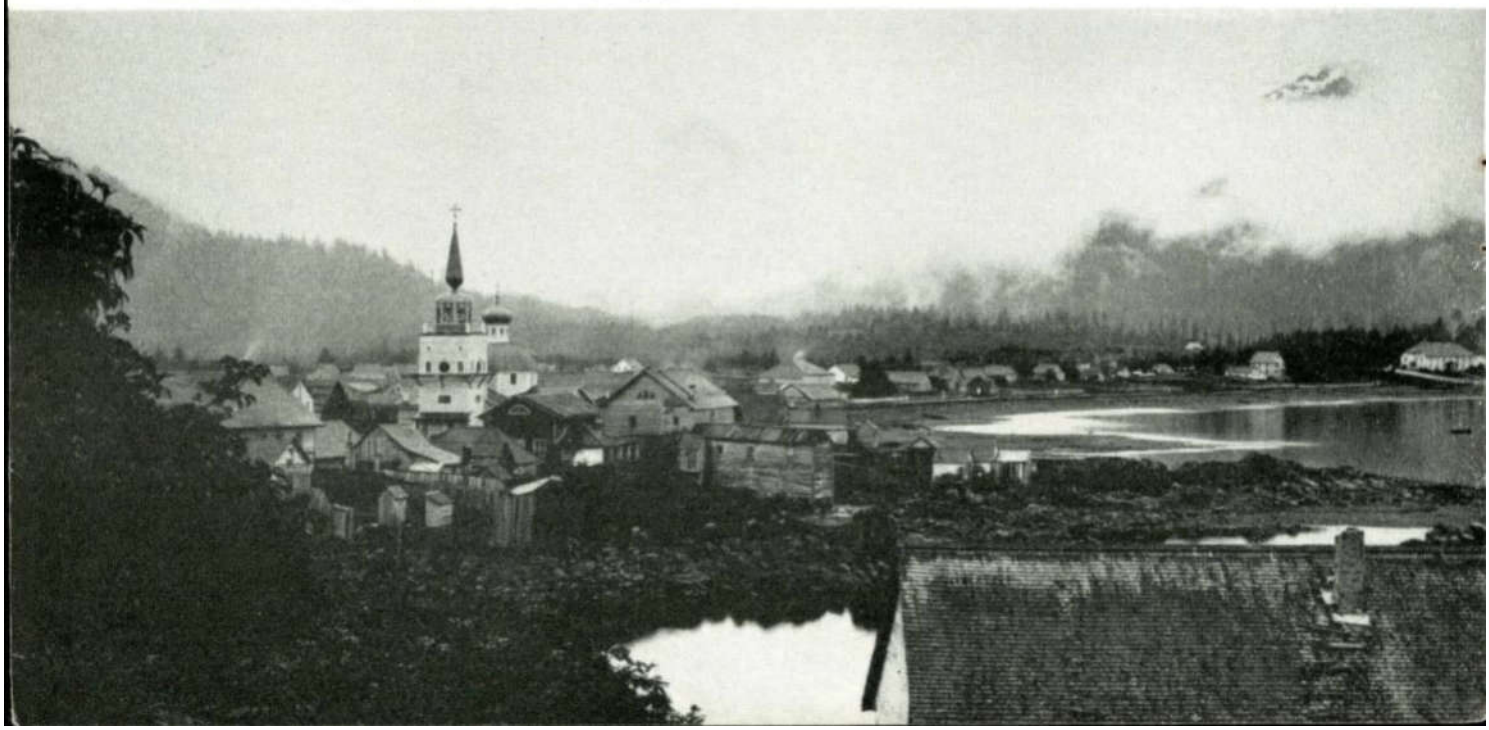
H.M.S. *Osprey*, Commander Holmes à Court, sailed for Sitka from Esquimalt on February 18, 1879, and the Admiralty points out that: "The decision of Commander Holmes à Court . . . was the result of receiving a letter from the citizens of Sitka addressed direct 'To the Commander of H.M.S. "_____", Esquimalt,' of which the text runs:

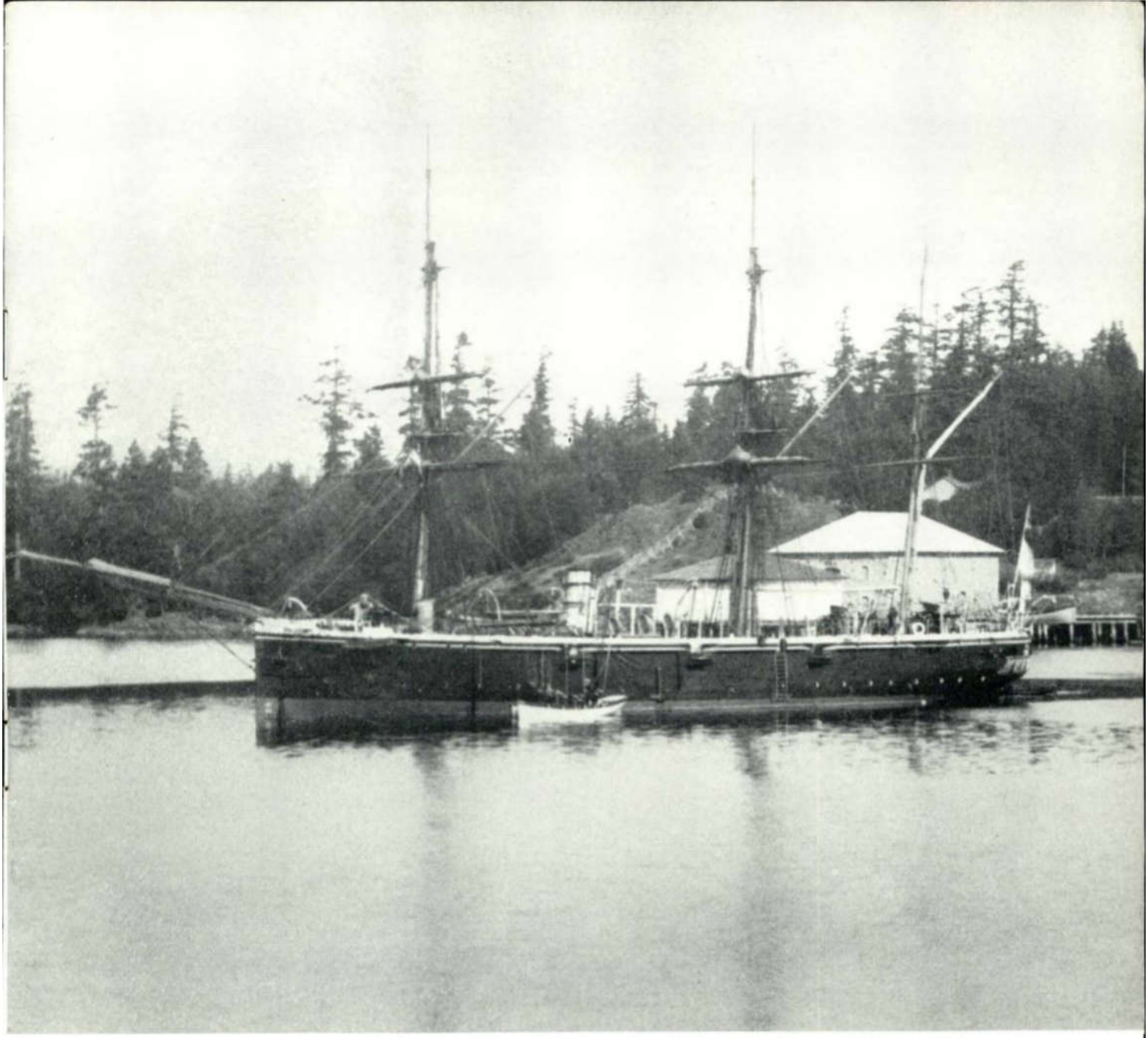
> Sir, We the citizens of Sitka, Alaska, are now threatened with massacre by Indians of this place. We have made application to our Government for protection and aid, and thus far it has taken no notice of our supplication. We have now again begged protection, which we hope will be extended, but the intricate forms of law through which our petition must drag its way will create a delay which may result in our entire demolition before the arrival of necessary succor.
>
> Therefore we beg and pray that you will at once send or come to our assistance. We beg you will lay aside all forms of etiquette between Governments: that you will take the side of an oppressed and threatened people; that you will let sympathy and charity dictate your decision, for before the required aid from our own Government can be had, we may be past assistance. Our unprotected position is well known; our appeal to you is from man to man. We ask help from you in the cause of humanity.
>
> Poverty prevents the greater number of us from fleeing. Our homes, our little possessions, and greater far the lives of our wives, and children, and ourselves are in jeopardy.
>
> Her Majesty's Government has been ever known for its promptness in assisting the oppressed of any nation and we hope our appeal may not be in vain.
>
> (Signed) N. G. Mitrapolsky
> Priest of Sitka,
> with his congregation of 247.

"In the temporary absence of the Commander-in-Chief, Pacific, (Rear Admiral de Horsey) Commander Holmes à Court made contact with the United States Consul at Victoria, Mr. Allen Francis, who telegraphed to Washington on the same day, receiving a reply from the Secretary of State: '*If situation is urgent there is no objection to asking or receiving the protection necessary.*' "

It is noteworthy that this official record proves that it was Commander à Court who made contact with the U.S. Consul at Victoria, and not the other way, and that only after receiving approval from Washington did the *Osprey* proceed to Sitka.

The settlement of Sitka, Alaska, 1875-80. From a photograph in the British Columbia Archives.





H.M.S. *Osprey* which hurried from Esquimalt to Sitka in 1879. Courtesy F. V. Longstaff, Victoria, B.C.

No explanation has been given of the complete omission of any mention, in any official statement, of the fact that the U.S. Government had been consulted and its concurrence received *before* the British warship was sent north.

Some American newspapers, however, commented editorially and with emphasis that the blame must fall, not on the British for their so-called "intervention," but on the United States Government for having permitted the situation to arise by reason of its own neglect. On this point the editorials piled up sarcasm and contumely. They praised Commander à Court's action and lauded the policy of the British Government.

"How proudly the American eagle must have soared," exclaimed the New York *Herald*, "and how hoarse his throat must have become by exultant screaming during the past two days, as telegrams have been flying about and informing the country that the white inhabitants of Alaska would soon be free from Indian persecution, or that a British gunboat was going from British Columbia to their assistance!"

". . . . It is one of the darkest blots upon our national escutcheon," protested the Seattle *Tribune*, "and the sooner it is wiped out the greater will be the respect of the country both at home and abroad."

While the *Daily Alta California* of San Francisco declaimed:

". . . . We have occasion to feel grateful that our old-time ancestors, our sometime antagonists, our reliable neighbours, either for friendship or a fight, our cousins-german, blood of our blood, bone of our bone, are our neighbours, and do not refuse to do the work our own Government, our own Navy, our own Congress have neglected to do. The *Osprey* at Esquimalt heard the cry from the beleaguered and endangered people in Alaska and apparently didn't stop to coal, or to take in provisions, or ship a crew, or bend sails, or have a propeller repaired, but at once it was "Up Anchors, Ahoy" [sic] and she was off for the far land, to the abandoned American citizens at the North."

While at Sitka, Commander à Court made a close study of conditions there, and his clear, concise report, a hand-

written document of some twenty-five foolscap pages, provides an incisive view of the nature of the trouble. A copy of this document has been obtained from the Naval Archives in London, and the following paragraphs indicate definitely that the petition for help from Sitka came just in time to avert a disaster.

"While the garrison remained at Sitka the Indians were kept in check by authority and the place was in a state of defence, there being a strong stockade between the Indian Village and the Town. The troops were withdrawn in June 1877, and with them disappeared all vestige of power; since that time the Indians have been growing more and more turbulent, and troublesome and more excessive, and extravagant in their demands on the White People; they tore down a great part of the stockade and carried off the wood.

"The Government buildings were despoiled of everything valuable, and some torn to pieces for sake of the Lumber; the citizens were subjected to insolence, the Indians making no scruple of saying that the United States Government did not care for Sitka; that it was left to them and that they should do as they liked . . .

"From the above causes, namely the straggling nature of the town, the proximity of the Indian Village, the preponderance of fighting power in favour of the Indians, which, should this Chief be successful in his endeavors, would be increased to about twelve to one; the absence of the stockade . . . convince me that an attack made quickly, and silently, and with any system of organisation would result in the destruction of a large portion of the Women and Children, before they could be placed in safety, unless timely notice had been received.

"This I believe to have been the state of affairs when the inhabitants finding their situation insupportable decided to appeal to the Captain of any of H.M. Ships at Esquimalt for immediate assistance, as being the nearest port where a Man of War of any nation is stationed.

"On my arrival at Sitka . . . I found the inhabitants in a state of great anxiety and alarm, the Chief being expected back . . . the next day, when there is no doubt an immediate attack would have taken place . . .

"I am inclined to think that this alarm has not been caused by any undue fear, but that the inhabitants were fully alive to the helplessness of their situation.

"The arrival of this ship changed the aspect of affairs, the fear of immediate attack passed away; the inhabitants were enabled to sleep in comparative safety and peace, and the tone and manner of the Indians changed.

"On Sunday the 2nd March the Revenue Steamer *Oliver Wolcott* arrived from Port Townsend; the next day I met Captain Selden in the Collector's office by appointment. After talking the matter over, they both expressed so strong an opinion (in which I fully concurred) that the *Oliver Wolcott* alone was inadequate for the defence of the place and that if I had left, affairs would assume their former state, that I decided to remain at least until the arrival of the *California*, by which ship I was in hopes some further assistance would be sent.

The revenue cutter *Oliver Wolcott*, only ship the United States could spare to protect the inhabitants of Sitka.

THE SITKA AFFAIR

Continued

"The Indians are fully aware of the weakness of the *Oliver Wolcott* and on her arrival openly said that they were not afraid of her.

"In conclusion I beg to state that I feel certain that the presence of the *Oliver Wolcott* and this ship [*Osprey*] has averted a serious calamity, and that it is my firm conviction that nothing but permanent protection, and some sort of government having authority, will enable the white people to live here without molestation from the Indians; to carry on their trade and development of the resources of the country; and if I may venture to do so without being thought presumptuous, I would suggest that the protection should take the form of a Man of War in preference to troops (although they might be combined with advantage), as being movable, a ship could at various times visit the numerous tribes and villages scattered along the coasts, and also be usefully employed in surveying the Inner Channels, of which little is known at present.

[Signed] H. Holmes à Court
Commander."

One month after the above-quoted *Report* Commander à Court sent to the Commander-in-Chief at Esquimalt, Rear Admiral A. F. R. de Horsey, his final report, written from his ship on April 10th, 1879, which read:

"I have the honor to report that I remained at Sitka until the 3 April 1879, when the U.S. Corvette *Alaska* having arrived, and there being no further need of my presence, I left for this place [Esquimalt] in the afternoon . . . and arrived here at 10 p.m. on the 8th.

"The situation of affairs at Sitka remains the same as at the time of my last letter, the Indians being comparatively quiet during the presence of a Man of War; as they are now beginning to leave for the summer hunting and shooting I think there is no likelyhood of an outbreak at present."

But shortly after the *Alaska* arrived, it became known that she would not be there for long, and the Sitkans again became alarmed. This is proved by the following piteous appeal, in the form of a Petition sent by them on the next steamer to Victoria, for transmission by telegraph to the President at Washington:

"To the President of the United States: In behalf of 300 residents of this city, we ask protection for our lives. When the ship *Alaska* leaves us we will be helpless. The Indians are ready now to attack, and may as soon as she goes. The danger is immediate."

This tragic message, signed by eight citizens, bore the following curious endorsement:

"Custom House, Sitka, Alaska, April 3rd 1879. I certify that I believe the danger imminent as specified above.

[Signed] M. D. Ball,
Collector of Customs"

But the course of events was already planned; another and larger ship (the U.S.S. *Jamestown*, a sailing-ship) under command of Commander L. A. Beardslee, U.S.N., had been specially commissioned to proceed to Sitka to handle the situation.

Beardslee was unquestionably an able man and exhibited the quality of statesmanship in his approach to the complex problems posed by the initial difficulties of making a self-conscious, self-governing population out of the undisciplined, divided body of men of mixed blood, which confronted him. His reports to Washington were notable in that they focussed the attention of the hitherto indifferent government on the potentialities of their newly-acquired territory and their responsibilities in this regard. But he appears to have misunderstood the circumstances under which the *Osprey* had steamed north from Esquimalt, for in his first report he states that "Captain à Court, *without seeking instruction* started at once for Sitka."

Nevertheless he must have known the facts of the case, because he evidently had access to à Court's reports, for in his own report he writes:

"I have quoted thus at length from the report of Captain A'Court for two reasons: the first of which is, that the service he rendered to our citizens entitles his views to recognition; and, secondly, his views and suggestions, based upon his experience of a month, coincide closely with my own. . ."

One may deduce that it would not have been desirable, from a political point of view, for the Secretary of State to disclose to the public the substance and intent of his telegram authorizing the British vessel to proceed. Having imparted his views on the matter to Beardslee, the latter wisely, took note of them when writing his report. ◆

U.S.S. *Jamestown*, from which Alaska was governed 1879-84.
B.C. Archives

BY PATRICIA M. JOHNSON

Lieutenant Charles William Wilson of the Royal Engineers, who served with the Boundary Commission from 1858 to 1862 as secretary and transport officer.

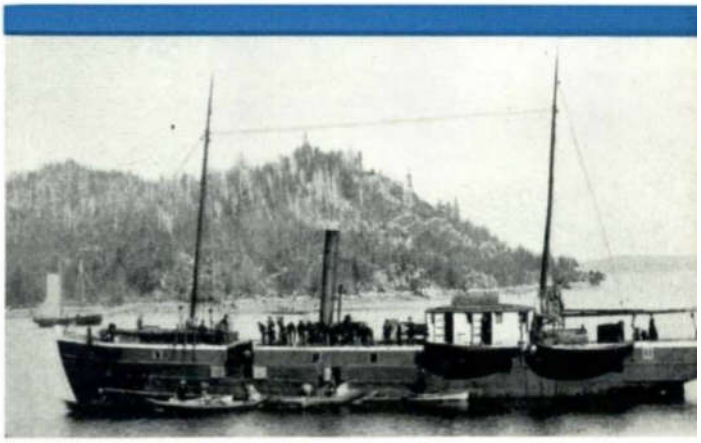
Boundary Journal

IN April 1858, a young man of twenty-two left England for British North America. He was Lieutenant Charles William Wilson of the Royal Engineers, and he was to spend the next four years west of the Rockies with the British section of the Boundary Commission. Throughout the whole of his life, Wilson kept detailed records of what he did and saw, sending these home at intervals. His accounts of his service with the Boundary Commission were copied into two hard-covered exercise books, probably by his mother, and these two rather battered journals are now in the Provincial Archives of British Columbia at Victoria. Not only did Wilson write about his surroundings, he also painted them, and there are twenty-six water colour pictures pasted into each book at the beginning and the end. Some of these are nine inches by seven, others smaller, while they range in subject from a humorous sketch of a native reclining in a grass hammock at Tobago to an awe-inspiring view of the Rocky Mountains showing the Boundary Pass. In the first volume there is a detailed map showing all sections of the boundary between British and American territory, the camps of both parties, and the routes travelled, and throughout the text there are small sketches showing such items as an Indian head in the process of flattening, and the new hoop skirts recently acquired by the young ladies at Victoria.

While the journal is a delightful personal study of the country, it also gives an accurate account of an important historical event. The surveying and marking of the international boundary from the Pacific Coast to the Rocky Mountains took place between 1858 and 1862. By the terms of the Treaty of Washington of 1846, the boundary between British territory and that of the United States was to follow the forty-ninth parallel from the Rockies, where the boundary ended, to the coast, and then to curve through the straits to leave all of Vancouver Island in British hands. There was some confusion about the water boundary and this was not settled until 1872, but the land boundary was quite straightforward and the entire task of ascertaining its location and clearing and marking it was done in the four-year period. The work was carried out by an American party under its commissioner, Archibald Campbell, and a British party under Captain J. S. Hawkins. Each group was accompanied by a contingent of troops to help with the work and to provide protection against the Indians.

• Miss Johnson, who has her M.A. in history, writes historical and travel articles for a number of British Columbia publications

The S.S. *Otter* with Haida canoes.

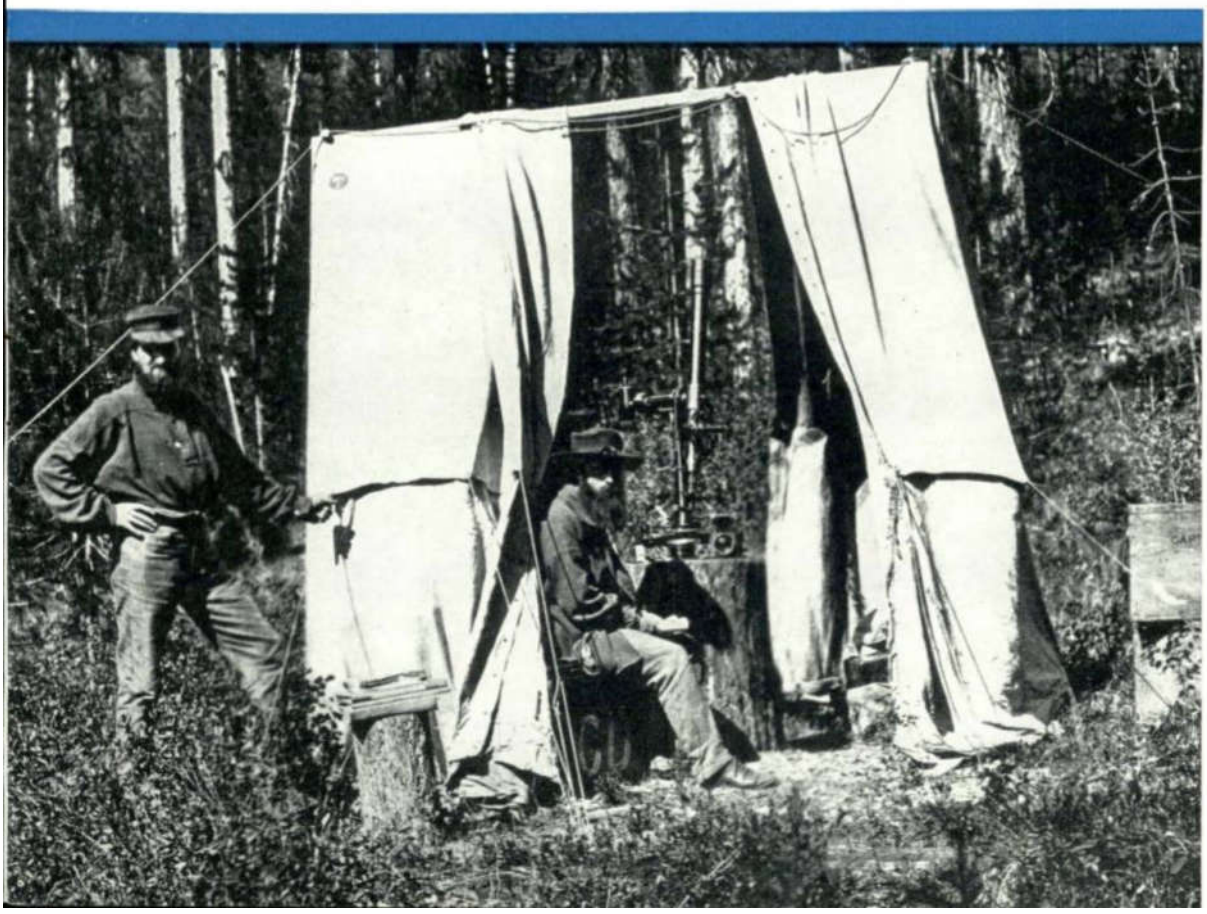


When the British commission was appointed, Charles Wilson had only recently completed his training as a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, and had been working at Dover and Portsmouth. His appointment came as a surprise to him, but a most welcome one, as he was eager to see something of the New World. His family had held land in Virginia at the time of the American Revolution, while an uncle, Thomas Wilson, had travelled in the United States and had been associated with the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences. Charles himself loved the outdoors and had spent most of his childhood in Wales where his father had bought Hean Castle in Pembrokeshire. Here, as his biographer, Colonel Charles Watson describes it, he and his brother enjoyed fishing and hunting, and during the holidays "would tramp for a couple of weeks or as long as their strictly limited funds lasted, subject only to the conditions that they would get no more money, and that, on their return home, they were to give a full account of everything they saw and did."

Wilson's official position on the Boundary Commission was that of secretary, and he was to have charge of all records and accounts—"the 'Money Chief' as they have christened me from my handing out the dollars," he records. He was also to command the detachment of Royal Engineers, and to act as commissariat, stores and transport officer. Because of these duties he probably travelled more than any of the commission members, having to visit all parties working on the line and to keep them supplied with food and equipment. He also had to be present at all official conferences with the Americans and to have access to all documents. It was no wonder that he complained that he had little time for hunting and shooting as he was expected to be a jack of all trades.

The British Commission was made up of Captain J. S. Hawkins, R. E. chief commissioner, Captain Darrah, R.E. astronomer, Captain Haig, R.A. astronomer, Lieutenant Wilson, R.E. secretary and transport officer, Dr. Lyall, R.N. surgeon, John K. Lord, naturalist, and Dr. Bannerman, geologist. Lord later published an account of his experiences under the title *At Home in the Wilderness*, telling what to do there and how to do it.

Wilson seemed to be at home anywhere and to enjoy thoroughly the different locations in which he found himself. First he describes life on board ship on the journey out. The party travelled by regular steamer from Southampton to St. Thomas, and then to Colon where they crossed the isthmus by rail to Panama and boarded H.M.S. *Havannah* which was to take them to Esquimalt on Vancouver Island. Some very bad weather was encountered and the journey took three months. They landed at Esquimalt where they made their headquarters, and soon "took the trail to Victoria" which they found crowded with miners preparing to go to the Fraser River gold rush.



Captain Darrah by the telescope in the observatory tent at Yahk River station.

Photographs courtesy B.C. Archives

Wilson started work at once by going "to see the Hudson's Bay people about provisioning the men and found them very civil and pleasant kind of people." Later he describes a visit to the same place after some months spent in the interior: "I went up to the Hudson's Bay Company fort at Victoria to get a rig out of some of the new clothes come out by the *Princess Royal*. You would laugh if you were to see the scene and I could not help laughing myself; you would see a very dirty ruffianly looking fellow walk into the store and in about half an hour see quite a young swell come out in the latest fashion of England when the ship sailed; however as everybody follows the same plan it is not noticed here."

While in Victoria, he paid his respects to Governor Douglas of whom he records: "A more entertaining and generally well informed man it would be difficult to find." Although on another occasion he comments: "Though the governor is a wonderfully clever man with the Indians he does not seem up to governing white people at all." He also attended a ball, went on several picnics, and found his dog, Beppo, "murdered by those filthy Indians; we found him with his throat cut close by a well which we had just made . . . and we have buried him under a cedar."

Actual work on the boundary soon started. After a conference with Captain Prevost, the British commissioner in charge of the water boundary, and a very cordial meeting with Archibald Campbell, the American commissioner on board the steamer *Active*, and then again at Semiahmoo, the British party moved over to the mainland to start surveying. Wilson was left at headquarters at Esquimalt until October when he had to take provisions and mules to the party working in the Fraser valley. He went on the Hudson's Bay steamer *Otter*, put in at "Tsanaimo" (Nanaimo) for coal, and met there "Dr. Benson and Capt. Stuart the two H.B.C. officers who were very obliging and showed us everything." On arriving at Langley on the Fraser he visited "Mr. Yale the chief man here in the H.B.C. . . . we dined off some very tough beef at the Fort and landed the mules in the pouring rain. The Fort is a miserable cold place, built out of pine wood hewed out with an axe and the store houses surrounded by a rough stockade with a small bastion, mounting a very old six-pounder, which I would rather anyone fire off but myself." Nothing, however, could spoil the scenery: "Even in the wet we could not help admiring the beauty of the river, the foliage was at its best, the bright red of the dogwood, the yellow of the maple, and the dark cedars and pines made a gorgeous scene which would seem unnatural in painting." Later he came to appreciate the outpost in the wilderness when a year later he records: "The road seemed interminable during the dark and I was heartily glad to see the glimmering of the Hudson's Bay Fort at Langley; here we received all the attention that could be given to us." The same winter: "I rode out to one of our camps at Langley Prairie and after finishing my business there went out to Mr. Bedford's who has a farm close by and slept there. The judge of British Columbia, Begbie, was there and we had a great game of whist, amidst the howling of sundry wolves who kept rushing past after the unfortunate calves." Here he was—at home in the wilderness.

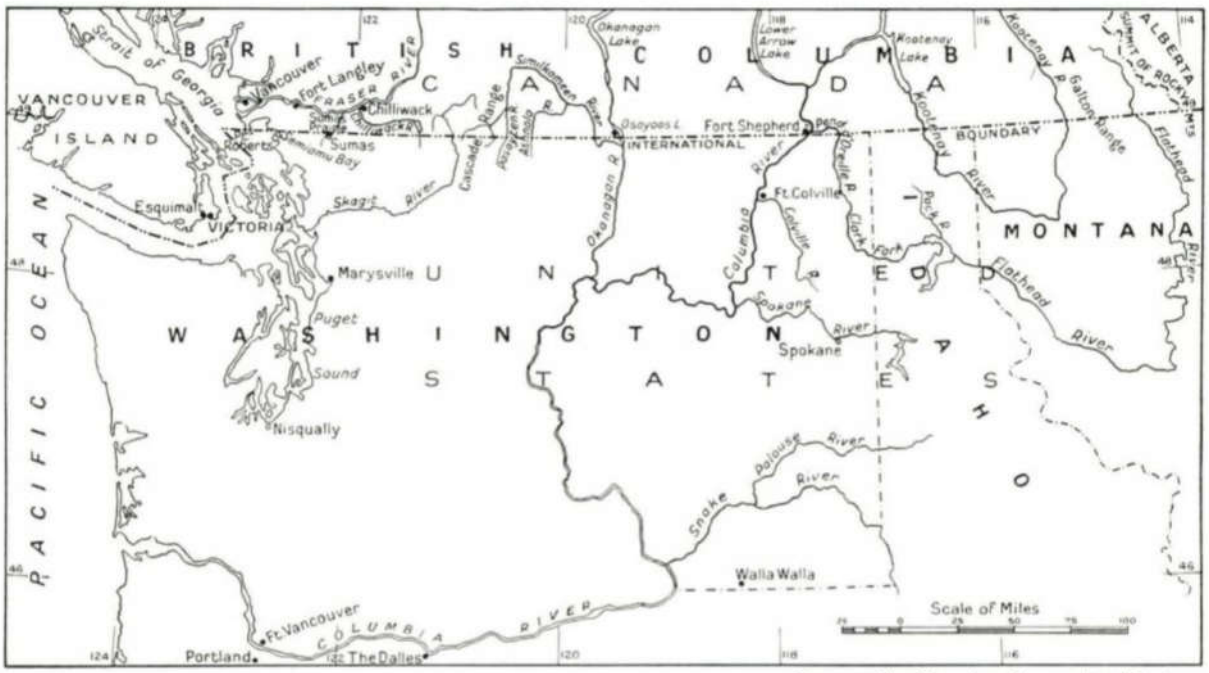
The second year, 1859, was spent west of the Cascades as the parties were working in the Chilliwack and Sumas areas. A conference had been held with the Americans early in the year, but agreement was hard to reach. The British wanted to mark the boundary very thoroughly so that there would be no possible doubt about its location, but the Americans declared that it was impossible to do this in some sections and that such joint activities were not feasible. Each party went ahead on its own, but it was found in the end that neither party were able to visit certain very inaccessible portions of the line, and that in some cases, particularly in the areas between the Fraser and the Okanagan valleys, stretches of as much as twenty-three miles at a time went unmarked. Certain points were visited and observations made from unconnected stations, but in the Cascade region and that between the Columbia and the Rockies the marking was not complete. In other areas, noticeably near the coast, and in the open country between the Similkameen river and the Columbia, the whole line was traced, a twenty-foot track was cut at intervals, and iron markers or cairns of stone were put up at distances of about a mile. On the whole line which was 409.4 miles from the coast to the summit of the Rockies, twenty-nine observation stations were used to determine the boundary. Where it could not be determined, the understanding was that it consisted of a straight line drawn to connect the two nearest located points.

During the summer spent in the Sumas prairie, the parties suffered horribly from mosquitoes. So bad were the effects of these creatures—a new species according to Lord, "fatter than any of its known brethren"—that work had to be stopped in July and the men withdrawn to higher ground. At first Wilson made light of the trouble, describing it with humour: "My present dress consists of a very bad jim crow, a red serge shirt with pockets, a blue serge pair of trousers, stockings and moccasins, a huge gause [sic] bag over my head, and a short pipe puffing to try and keep the 'squitors off." Four weeks later: "The mosquitoes have now regularly set in . . . washing is a perfect torture, they settle en masse upon you perfectly covering every portion of the body exposed, we sit wrapped up in leather with gloves on and bags round our heads and even that cannot keep them off. None of us have had any sleep for the last two nights and we can scarcely eat, exposing the face is such a painful operation." Finally, "As I am now leaving the mosquito country, I may as well tell you some of the effects of these venomous little animals and pray do not think I am inventing stories to amuse you as however incredible they are perfectly true; my hands have been so swollen and stiff that I could hardly bend my joints and have had to wrap them in wet towels to be ready for the next day's work; one's hands are literally covered with them when writing and even when wearing kid gloves, the bites through the needle holes in the seams were sufficient to produce this; each mule as it is packed is obliged

to be led into a circle of fires continually kept up as they are quite intractable when they are worried by the mosquitoes; two of Darrah's mules have been blinded, and six of our horses were so reduced that we had to turn them out onto the prairie and let them take their chance of living. I never saw anything like the state of their skins one mass of sores; our tents used to be so frequently covered with mosquitoes inside and out, that it was difficult to see the canvas and the very action of getting under the curtains introduced so many it was impossible either to kill them or sleep; even after smoking them all out in half an hour it was just the same, whatever pains we took to shut up the tent; we are all of us as you may imagine a good deal pulled down by want of sleep and continuous irritation."

So the mosquitoes won, and Wilson spent the next few weeks in New Westminster and Victoria. The party returned to Sumas in October, and were still in the field in December. Christmas dinner was eaten in camp at Langley Prairie: "Alas, alas, that I should have to say it, but Xmas day is nothing without beef and as we could not get it by any other way, we killed our cow." A week later, they were back at headquarters at Esquimalt, and preparing for a few festivities, notably a ball given by Captain Haig, Captain Palliser and himself in the hall of the Hudson's Bay fort at Victoria. "The rooms were decorated and arranged by me . . . I had the floor well waxed to make it slippery, the effect of which was two tremendous tumbles during the course of the evening; everything went off with great eclat, and everybody enjoyed themselves keeping it up till after four in the morning."

To Wilson's great delight, April 1860, ended the work west of the Cascades, and preparations were made to establish a depot at Fort Colvile on the Columbia River from which parties would work east and west to complete the line. He looked forward to seeing "the real interior with its immense plains, and bracing climate and almost cloudless skies." The party went from Victoria to the Columbia in the *Otter*, and were received at Fort Vancouver "with true English hospitality at the Hudson's Bay Company's Fort." His comment on the situation there is interesting: "The Fort is now surrounded by the garrison of the American troops of General Harney of San Juan renown; alas the poor old fort once the great depot of all the western fur trade is now shorn of its glories, General Harney having taken forcible possession of nearly all the ground and confined the H.B.C. people to the Fort itself. The H.B. Company are going to give up their post here as most of their work is now transacted in Victoria, in consequence of General Harney's disregard of the treaty of 46 which secured them their rights; it is most annoying to them to see all the fields and lands they have reclaimed from the wilderness and savage gradually taken from them; we have at present the use of the buildings which are nearly empty now, what a place it must have been in the olden times."



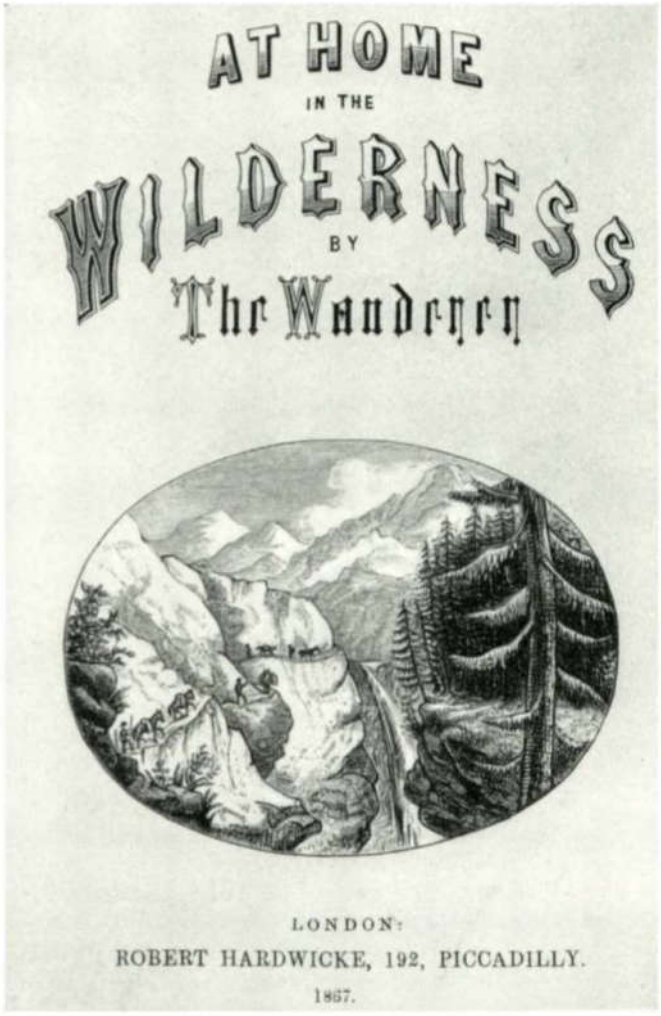
Courtesy The Canadian Geographical Society

The party travelled to the Dalles, and Haig left for the Okanagan river and the boundary while Wilson went on across the Spokane plateau. "After the hot sandy desert of Walla Walla, the grassy and immense Spokan Plateau and the wild forest of the last two days, the moment I saw it I exclaimed 'Here is the happy valley of Rasselas',

descending into the valley we soon were among cornfields, cattle and houses and found ourselves quite objects of curiosity being the first English soldiers that the people had seen; and such a curious medley these said people are, nearly all of them old servants of the Hudson's Bay Company; the old trapper, the voyageur, Canadian French Iroquois and half breeds (who have spent the best part of their lives amidst the dangers of Indians, rivers and the chase and wandering over the vast continent) the hardy pioneers of civilization now quietly settled in the valley with their wives and families round them."

very well." After the camp had been set up and the supplies stored away, Wilson paid a visit to the survey parties to the west, travelling to the Okanagan and Similkameen regions late in the summer. He saw plenty of sage brush, and several rattlesnakes, and visited one portion of the boundary line seven thousand feet up "marked by huge cairns of stones for the edification of any enterprising individual who hereafter may visit these regions."

A week later, going towards Rock Creek, he met a very enterprising individual indeed: "And yes, there it was, as



Soon the party reached Colvile where again they were entertained at the Hudson's Bay post and proceeded to set up a camp which was to be their headquarters for the next two years. Wilson marvelled at the beauty of the country with its open range land, and the company farm which was able to provide them with fresh butter and milk. The Indians in the vicinity were very friendly, and Wilson greatly admired the Spokane chief "Garry" who, "when a boy was taken over to Red River and educated there by the Hudson's Bay Company and talks English

large as life, in all the grandeur of the most expansive crinoline, a 'petticoat in the wilderness'. We could scarcely believe our eyes but yet it was true, this enterprising woman (English, bye the bye) had travelled on horseback over the mountain, through forest and plain, fording the mountain torrents and exposed to all the dangers of weather and was on her way to set up an Inn at Rock Creek, the first white woman who had ever penetrated into these wilds; she was accompanied by her husband a fine-looking Englishman and on the back of sundry mules

were packed all the household fixings for the future benefit of homeless wanderers in the valley."

Back at Colvile, Wilson prepared for the third official meeting with Campbell and the American commission. This took place in November and, to everyone's relief, was a great success. Agreement was reached on practically every matter discussed, and plans were made to complete the work the next season. Campbell himself returned to Washington, but most of his party wintered about fifteen miles away, and provided one more place for the British group to visit, and one more group for them to entertain. Christmas was spent at Colvile—"a family party together, being the first Xmas time we had all been together since leaving England," and the Hudson's Bay officers were entertained to a "great spread-out of beef and plum pudding." After dinner a fine entertainment was put on with "innumerable Scotch reels and Highland flings. Mr. MacDonald (in charge of the H.B.C. fort) gave us a capital sword dance."

In February, the Hudson's Bay officers put on a grand ball to which the boundary party were invited. Wilson, adaptable as ever, thoroughly enjoyed dancing a "reel de deux" with an Indian squaw. "I concocted one sentence which I found very effective, being the English 'May I have the pleasure of dancing with you' compiled from the three languages, Indian, English and French, and running thus, 'Tlast spos anule danse avec moi'. We all enjoyed ourselves excessively, a regular romp being quite a break in the dreary monotony of the winter life in these parts."

A few days later, Wilson left Colvile for San Francisco to get some of the scientific instruments repaired. The trip was a hazardous one owing to the ice and cold, and is described by Watson as "what he [Wilson] considered one of the hardest experiences of his life." He took with him his Scottish servant Low, and arrived at Walla Walla after eleven days of "what the Americans would call a 'hard old trip'." He went on to San Francisco where new potatoes and strawberries were waiting for him, and where "the California ladies are very pretty." Two weeks later he went back to Colvile, and with one hundred and fifty mules began to take supplies to the survey parties now working east towards the Rockies. During the summer of 1861 he set up an advance depot at Sinyakwateen, travelled in the Kootenay country, and at the end of July was at Haig's camp in the Rockies. He painted several water-colours of the country at the end of the boundary line, but his description of it is better than all the pictures:

"Three of us started off to pay our devoirs to the final monument on the boundary, and after a short scramble we got on to the summit or divide, some distance north of the line, the divide being at that point comparatively low and covered with grass. Leaving the grassy ridge we commenced a fresh ascent and after a good climb over bare rock where hands and feet were well employed, a steady eye needed, and occasional halt to watch the course of a stone sent rolling by the foot into a little lake some fifteen hundred feet below us, we stood upon the narrow shoulder beside the cairn of stones which marked the end of our labours, and here we found tokens of previous visitors in the shape of sundry Anglo-Saxon names engraved on the stones, to which truly English record we refrained from adding ours. The view from this point was very fine, precipices and peaks, glaciers and rocks all massed together in such a glorious way, that I cannot attempt to describe it. Fancy our delight at finding on a grassy spot, close to a huge bank of snow, real 'London Pride' and the dear old 'Forget-me-not', which caused our thoughts [to fly?] far away from the wild mountains to many a pleasant day of 'Auld lang syne' in Merrie England. I send you some which I gathered right on the summit. We returned to camp by an easier but much longer route . . . down a steep grassy slope . . . so we sat down, cast off our moorings and made all sail for the bottom which we reached in safety though much to the detriment of our unmentionables."

At the end of the summer, the parties returned to Colvile, their outdoor work on the boundary completed. Darrah went to the coast to erect markers there, Lyall and Bannerman left for England both in poor health, and the American garrison at Colvile was withdrawn because of the onset of the Civil War. Wilson was getting impatient: "Everything is frozen, even wine and treacle. We have had no letters from England for many a long week." Even Christmas seemed dreary: "Our cook having cleverly contrived to boil up his pipe and tobacco in the soup, we spent a rather cheerless Christmas Eve and everyone went to bed at an early hour with vastly unpleasant sensations." However, three balls, one given by the British party, one by the Hudson's Bay, and one by the Americans cheered things up until early in April "we left our barracks at Colvile four years to the very day of our leaving England," and began the journey down to Fort Vancouver and to Esquimalt.

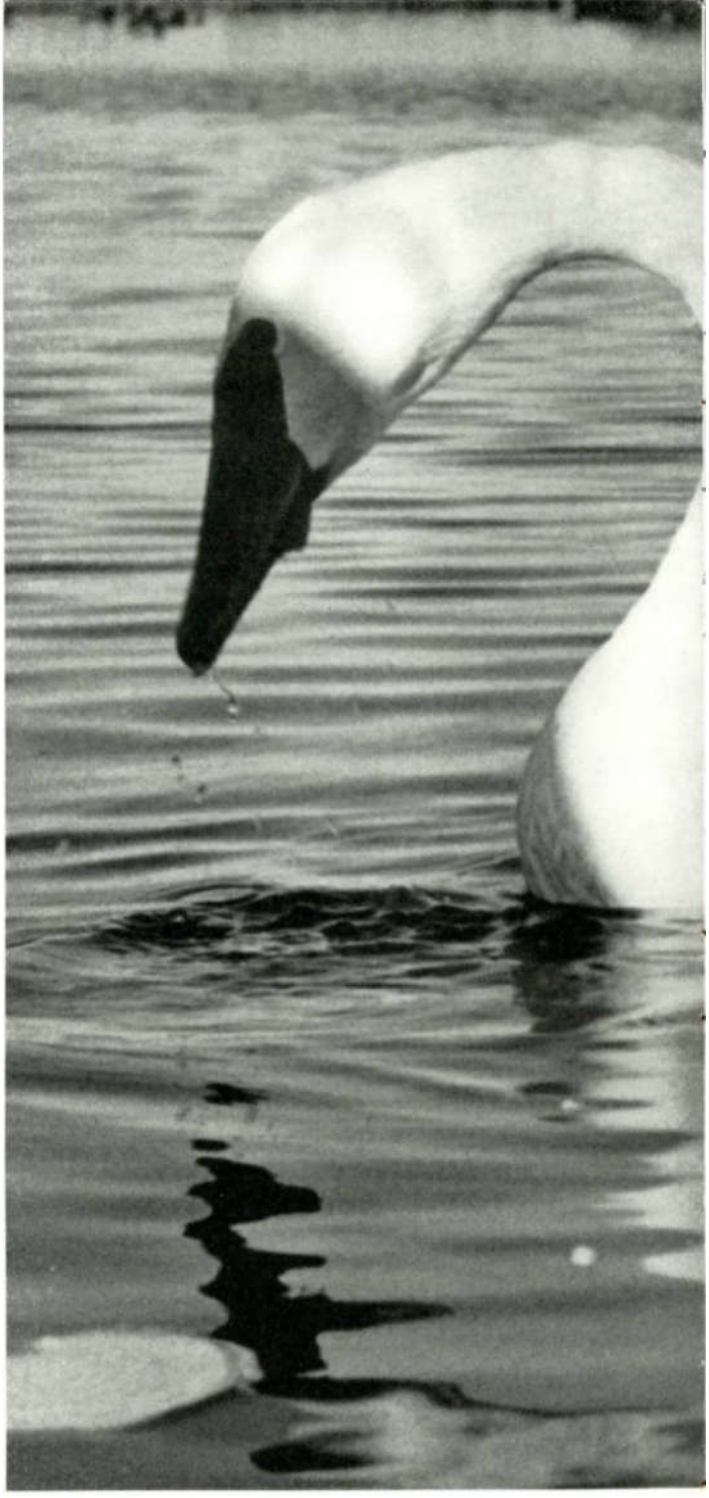
They left Victoria for San Francisco in May, and once again Wilson was able to appreciate the beauty of Vancouver Island. He laughed at the muddy streets of Victoria: "Indeed it is so bad that a story is told of a merchant who wished to carry on a conversation with a person on the other side of the street, hiring an Indian to shoot letters over with his bow and arrow." Yet from San Francisco he wrote: "We left Victoria with regret, my sojourn there will always be amongst my pleasantest reminiscences. I have a great wish to return and explore the island and the northern coast which are almost perfectly unknown and peopled by a very interesting race of Indians little known to the world."

But he never did return. He and his party arrived home in England in July and for the next year he worked in London on boundary records and accounts. Two years later he was promoted to captain and asked to carry out a survey of the city of Jerusalem. From that time onward all his foreign service was in the east—in Palestine, Servia, Syria, and Egypt. He married in 1867, and at the time of his retirement in 1898, he had the rank of Major-General, had been Director-General of the British Ordnance Surveys, and Director-General of Military Education. ◆

By LYN HARRINGTON

Photographs by RICHARD HARRINGTON

A female
Trumpeter Swan
raised near Grande Prairie
but now making her home at
the Delta Waterfowl
Research Station

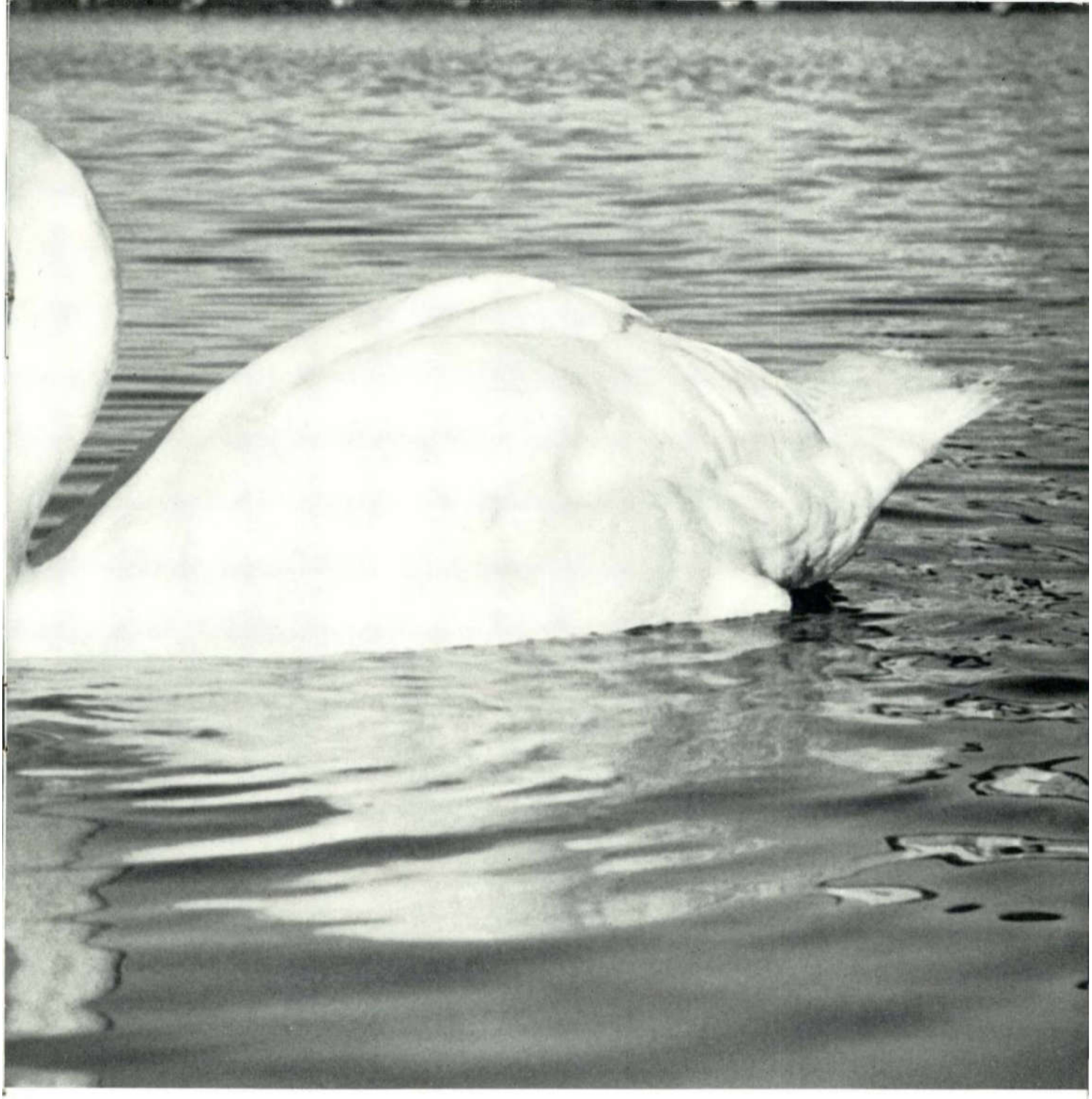


TRIUMPH OF THE TRUMPETER

THE Trumpeter Swan has edged out from the shadow of the "Extinct Birds exhibit." Back in 1900, not a Trumpeter remained—so it was said. However, a few pairs were discovered in Yellowstone Park soon after, and unsuspected groups showed up in northwestern Canada. But again in the 1920s, gloomy notes were heralding the swan-song of the Trumpeter.

"Its total extinction is only a matter of years," said Allan Brooks, famed Canadian ornithologist, "unless some remedial action can miraculously save them."

• Lyn and Richard Harrington are well known for the stories and photographs they gather in all parts of Canada.



Man can bring to pass that kind of miracle. And did, by widespread education and total protection. Late breeding and small clutches don't make for spectacular increases when combined with the natural hazards of predators, high water and drought, and above all, the lead pellets the swans pick up in bottom-feeding. Still, each year *Cygnus buccinator* announces more strongly its comeback in deep-toned bugling. The last census showed 1,556 swans of which about 40% were in the United States, 40% in British Columbia, and 20% in Alaska.

The Canadian Wildlife Service has watched with interest the return of the Trumpeter. "Exact information as to the localities these birds frequent has been kept confidential," wrote P. A. Taverner in 1940, "until such time as it is safe to publish it more widely. A single visit of an irresponsible white or Indian may destroy a small community, and it has now come to the point where every pair counts."

Today, it's safe to mention the subject. Even so, the government isn't revealing too much about nesting places.

Mr. Bernard Hamm, Swan Guardian of the Alberta Peace River District, with a Trumpeter Swan he mounted for the bird collection he uses in lecturing. Trumpeters and Whistlers are distinguishable only by size, or dissection.

They don't want anyone around collecting eggs or skins. A few birds are accidentally, or criminally, shot each year, by what stupidity no one knows, for the six-foot wingspread of the Trumpeter is unmistakable.

Every resident in the Yellowstone area is an official or self-constituted guardian of the non-migratory flocks. Canadian swans are under much less surveillance. These migrate northeast in March from the mild winters of the British Columbia coast where they frequent open ponds or bays, some on the Queen Charlotte Islands.

In Alberta, the Trumpeters have selected the region around Grande Prairie for domestic purposes, and the Canadian Wildlife Service has appointed a special Swan Guardian. Bernard Hamm makes a spot check throughout the summer on almost 100 pairs of Trumpeters. He, too, has a host of unofficial assistants. Where Trumpeters elect to nest on a farm slough or small lake near settlements, local champions arise to defend them. Ask them the location of swans' nests, and they'll demand your credentials. Bernard Hamm's sincere devotion to his job, as well as his lectures to school children and adults, have roused the public to a keen interest in "their" swans.

Mr. Hamm goes on duty in April, just before the swans arrive, and stays with them until they leave at freeze-up. Screened by rushes, he watches them make their big untidy nest atop a muskrat house, and lay the four to eight big white eggs. "One of them," wrote Samuel Hearne, "is a sufficient meal for a moderate man." A single stolen swan egg was sufficient to put a man in prison for a year in contemporary England.

Poling his canoe or wading through muddy channels, Mr. Hamm observes the cob (male) and pen (female) take turns at incubation, occasionally both leaving the nest at once, but not the area. They cover the eggs with rushes to keep them from getting too hot or too cold. About 35 to 38 days of incubation produces the downy grey cygnets —and there's nothing in the mediaeval belief that "the swanne cannot hatch without the crack of thunder." The cygnets are usually taking swimming lessons by the end of June.

Mr. Hamm watches the water-level shrewdly. Too high water can undermine the muskrat house, and the nest collapses to the destruction of the eggs. Or water may flood into the nest with equally sad results. Early snowstorms play havoc, covering nest and young, and are often followed by freezing cold.

More dreaded than high water is the drought which dries up the sloughs and small lakes. The parents often attempt to lead their young overland to some larger waterhole, but there may be none for miles. Every inch of the way is threatened by fox or coyote. Part of Mr. Hamm's work as "swanherd" is to remove cygnets from drying sloughs, and get them to suitable water. This is not without danger, for the adults are fiercely protective, and a smart blow of their powerful wings can break a man's leg.

The muddy-grey cygnets take up aviation about mid-September. Just before freeze-up, Mr. Hamm has observed that the swans show great nervousness, trumpeting softly as they fly around the lake with their young. "Time and again, I've noticed they leave the day or the night before freeze-up," said he, "and that's usually October 23-25 in these parts."

Although the occasional unsporting shot brings down a Trumpeter today, they were never intensely hunted even in the days when they were abundant, and every man a fowler.

James Isham wrote from Prince of Wales's Fort in 1743: "Swans we have great and small,* a Noble Lofty bird swimming in the water—seeing morning and Evening some Hundreds at a time in the water,—amongst the Islands, but are Very shy, their is no Killing them but as they fly by when setting in a stand. they are Larger then the English swans and fatter, the old swans are but course food, the flesh turning black soon after Dres'd but a Young swan is Reckon'd tollerable good Eating."

Samuel Hearne, writing in the same post nearly forty years later, thought otherwise. "They usually weigh upwards of thirty pounds, and the lesser species from eighteen to twenty-four. The flesh of both are excellent eating, and when roasted, is equal in flavour to young heifer-beef, and the cygnets are very delicate."

Indians and Eskimos are more concerned with bulk than flavour, and welcomed them as the first spring arrivals. The swans congregated in open water below rapids or falls, and here the natives speared some and shot others with arrows. During the moult when the birds are flightless, the natives pursued them on the water, and even then they were not easily captured. They resorted

*Trumpeters and Whistlers.

to diving and swimming underwater, and scuttling over the surface propelled by broad black feet and wide white wings, they could make eight miles an hour, and outdistance canoe or kyak.

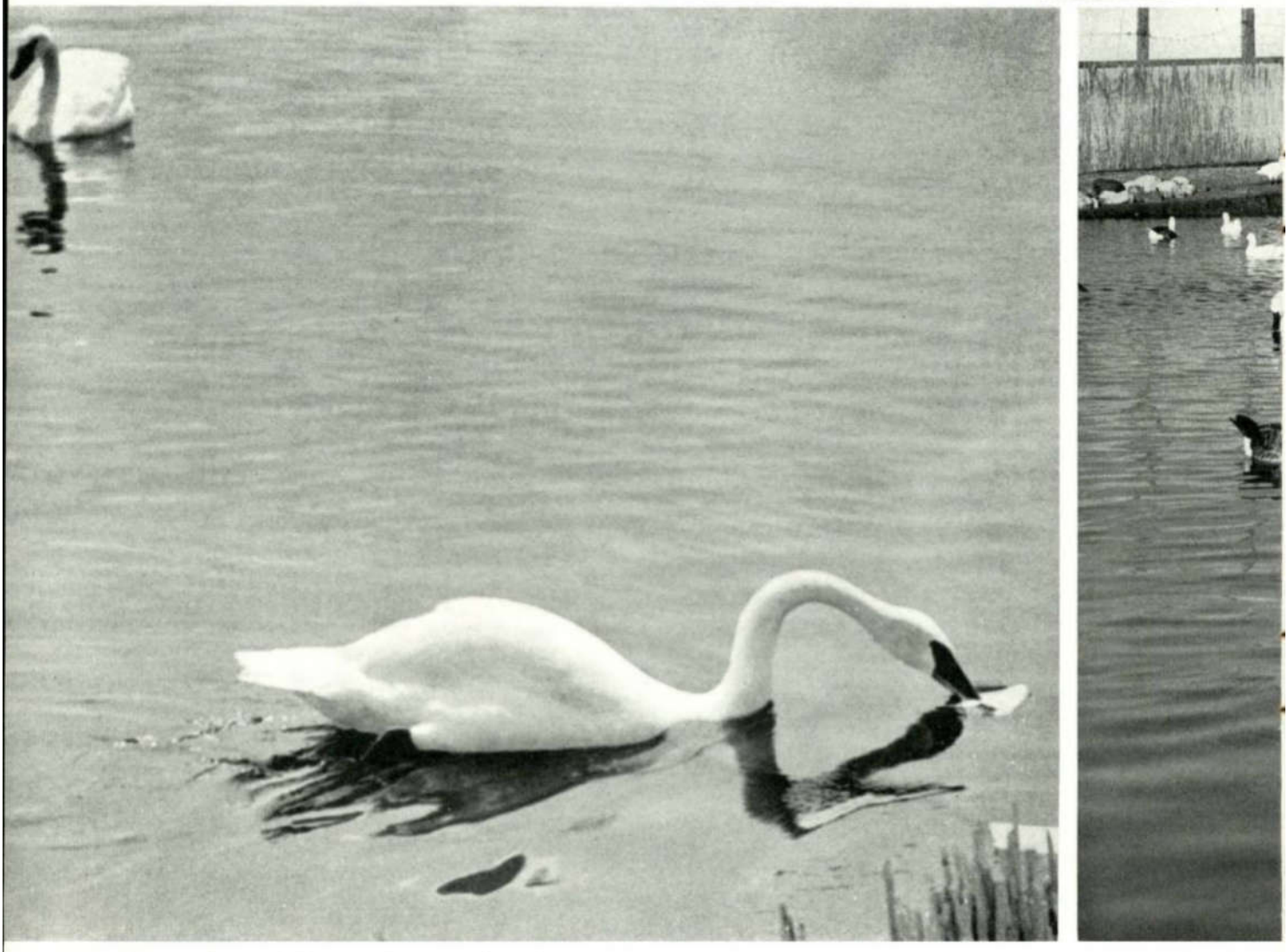
Hearne, who was a good observer, estimated that flying before the wind in a brisk gale, they must clock a hundred miles an hour. "But when flying across the wind or against it, they make but slow progress, and are then a noble shot."

There was a time when swans' down and breast skins were of considerable commercial value to the fur trading companies, since the soft white feathers and quills were in demand as trimming on ladies' hats and coats. "They were collected by men from the east, when the birds were in the molt and the young birds were unable to fly," says Roberts, in his *Birds of Minnesota*, "and shipped east. Swan's down and swan skins appeared as a regular and considerable item in the annual returns of the Hudson's Bay Company and other fur companies."

In Rupert's Land, they were merely a by-product of hunting for food. Samuel Hearne recalled the brisk killing done by the Indians at Cumberland House. "The down and quills might have been procured in considerable quantities at trifling expense," but the opportunity was gone . . . "though of considerable value in England."

Swan products funnelled through York Factory from as far distant as the Mackenzie River. The traffic was never impressive, rather one of those tag-ends of trading. H B C records of 1828 show 5,072 swan skins offered for auction along with castorum, beavers, muskrats, deerskins, pine gum and rock crystal. Later that year, swan feathers were lumped in with 6,283 pounds of bedfeathers, and 347,298 goose, swan and eagle quills and wings. Other items were isinglass, whalebone, sea horse teeth (walrus tusks), buffalo and deer tongues.

Remembering how that last item has been misinterpreted at times, one wonders how often the trade names



Trumpeter Swans at Delta, Manitoba, accept slices of certain brands of bakery bread and scorn other brands.

"Swanskin" and "Swansdown" have been misunderstood. Certainly bolts of textiles bearing those names were traded in northern posts to the very customers who brought in the real thing.

Hunters claim that swans compete with game birds for feed, and indeed, you may find Trumpeters and puddling ducks feeding together. The fact is, the swan provides the feast by rooting plants loose from a bottom too deep for the ducks. Richardson's pondweed and wild celery are popular with both. The swan menu is lengthy—aquatic vegetation, seeds, insects, shellfish, crustaceans, small reptiles and quadrupeds.

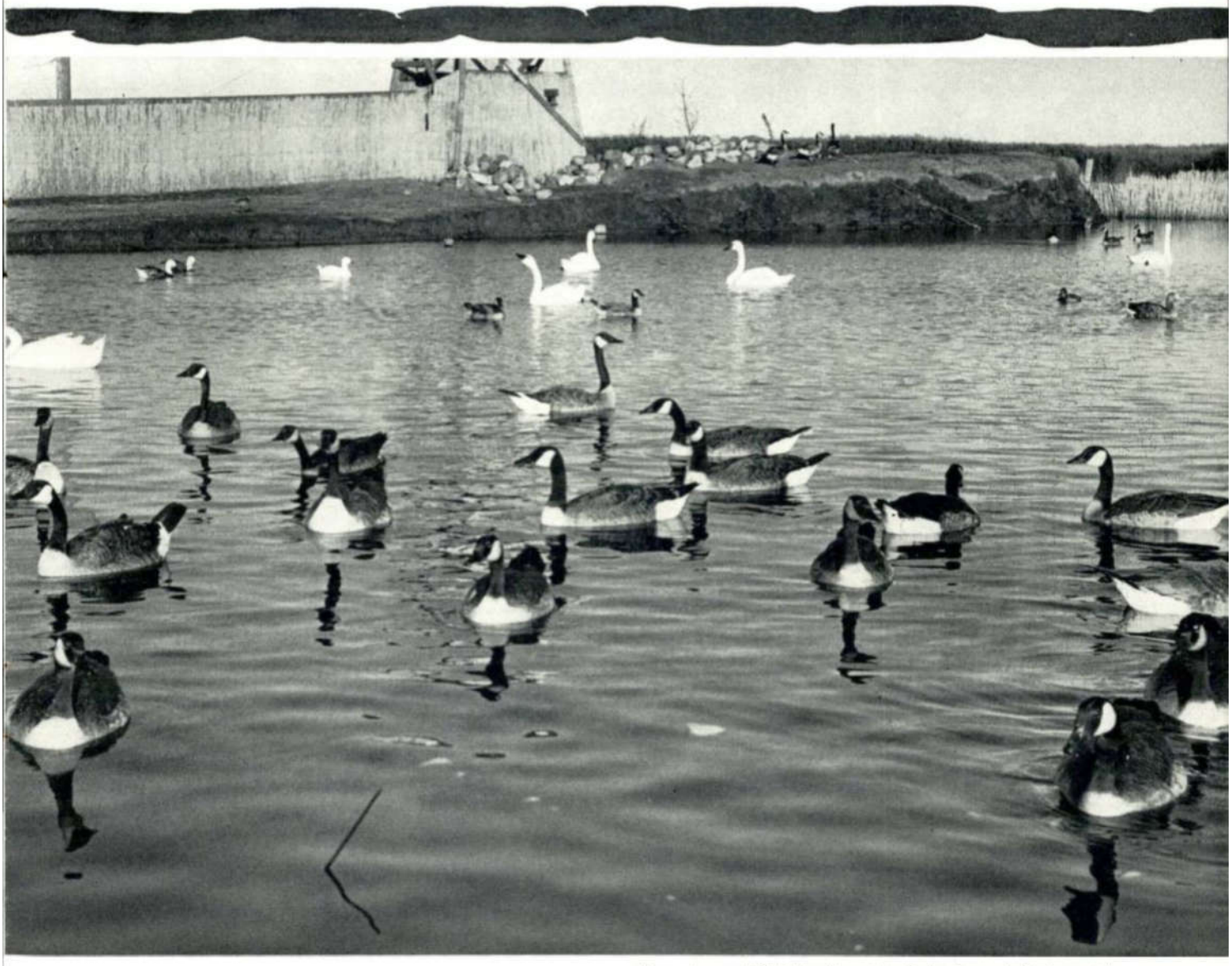
The habit of grubbing at the bottom of a pond holds the greatest threat to the swans' future. They pick up pellets from shotguns perhaps in mistake for gravel and snails, and the lead, ground up in the gizzard, guarantees slow death for the eater. It killed thirteen out of a fifteen-bird flock on one British Columbia wintering ground.

Swans usually mate in the second year, but do not breed until four or five, and when they mate, it's for life, naturalists believe. That life may last 70 years, for the Trumpeter is a Methuselah among birds. The ancients claimed that when the swan knew it was dying, it lifted up its voice in a final performance, a "swan-song" of particular poignancy.

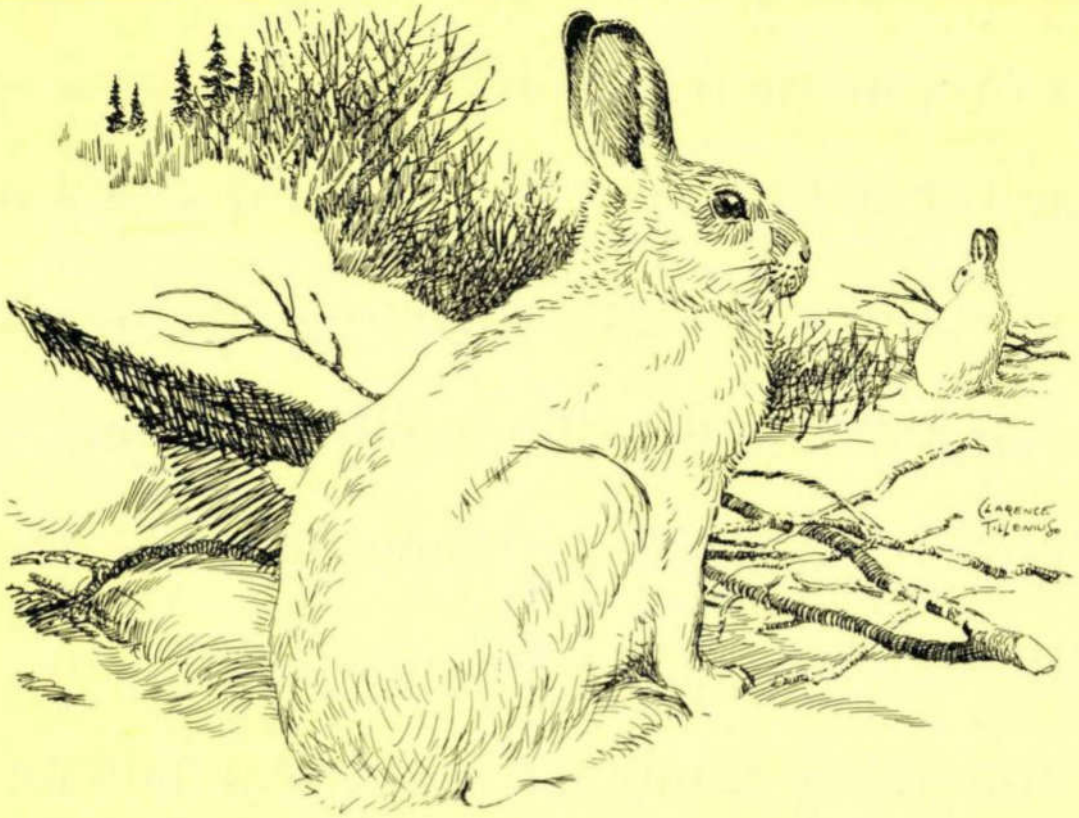
No one knows much about this, and most people consider it a myth. "I have read some elegant descriptions of it in some of the poets," Hearne wrote, "but I have never heard anything of the kind, though I have been at the deaths of several."

However, a few years ago, an observer known for his accuracy claimed to have heard the plaintive deathsong of a wounded swan. Scientists are giving consideration to the theory that a milder passage of air through the labyrinthine windpipe might result in soft musical notes.

At least, man is trying to make sure that the species as a whole is not singing its swan-song. ◆

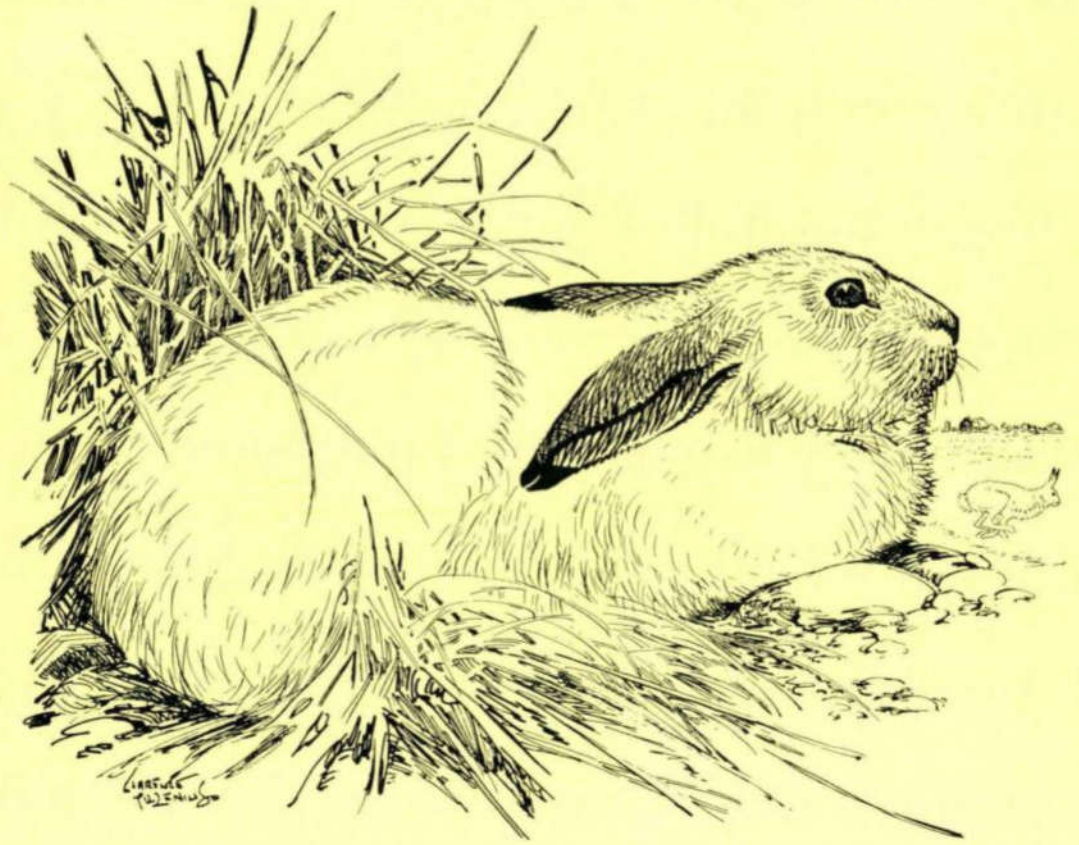


Trumpeters and Whistlers live at the Delta Research Station, with Canada geese, snow geese, and many other species of waterfowl.



These sketches supplement an earlier article (June 1951) which dealt with the fur bearers of greatest commercial importance.

Words and Pictures by **CLARENCE TILLENIUS**



SNOWSHOE RABBIT

THE varying hare or, popularly, the snowshoe "rabbit," is the great staple of the North, and is found everywhere in Canada. He is food for every creature cunning or fast enough to catch him, including man. The Canada lynx especially is so dependent on the "snowshoe," that when the rabbits vanish in one of their periodic die-offs the lynxes starve, and the records of fur returns of the H B C show how unfailingly the disappearance of the rabbits is followed by a tremendous drop in the number of lynx skins taken.

In years of abundance, the rabbits may have two or three large broods per season, but on the downgrade one small litter in the year is produced. The young, born furred and with eyes open can get about with agility within a day or two and shift for themselves before fully grown.

In deep, soft snow the hind toes spread broadly to support the animal, leaving a track not unlike a snowshoe mark; but though called a rabbit, it is a true hare with long hind legs and long ears. In summer they are greyish brown with white underparts, tawny legs, and underside of tail white. In winter the fur turns wholly white, dark next to the skin and the tips of the ears blackish grey. It sometimes happens that the first snowfall comes unseasonably late, and I have then seen rabbits by the dozens entirely white and glaringly visible against the browns and greys of the fall woods. At such times predators take a heavy toll.

The "snowshoes" eat practically all kinds of bark, brush and twigs in winter: grass, leaves and succulent plants in summer. Poplar and willow thickets in winter are sometimes so much frequented by them that the snow is trodden hard as a floor. When startled, they thump loudly with the hind feet apparently to warn others of danger and though mainly a silent animal, a snared rabbit screams piercingly. This sound is readily understood by their arch foes the great horned owl and red fox, and many a country boy has reached his snare to read from the tracks the ensuing tragedy.

FUR BEARERS OF CANADA

JACK RABBIT

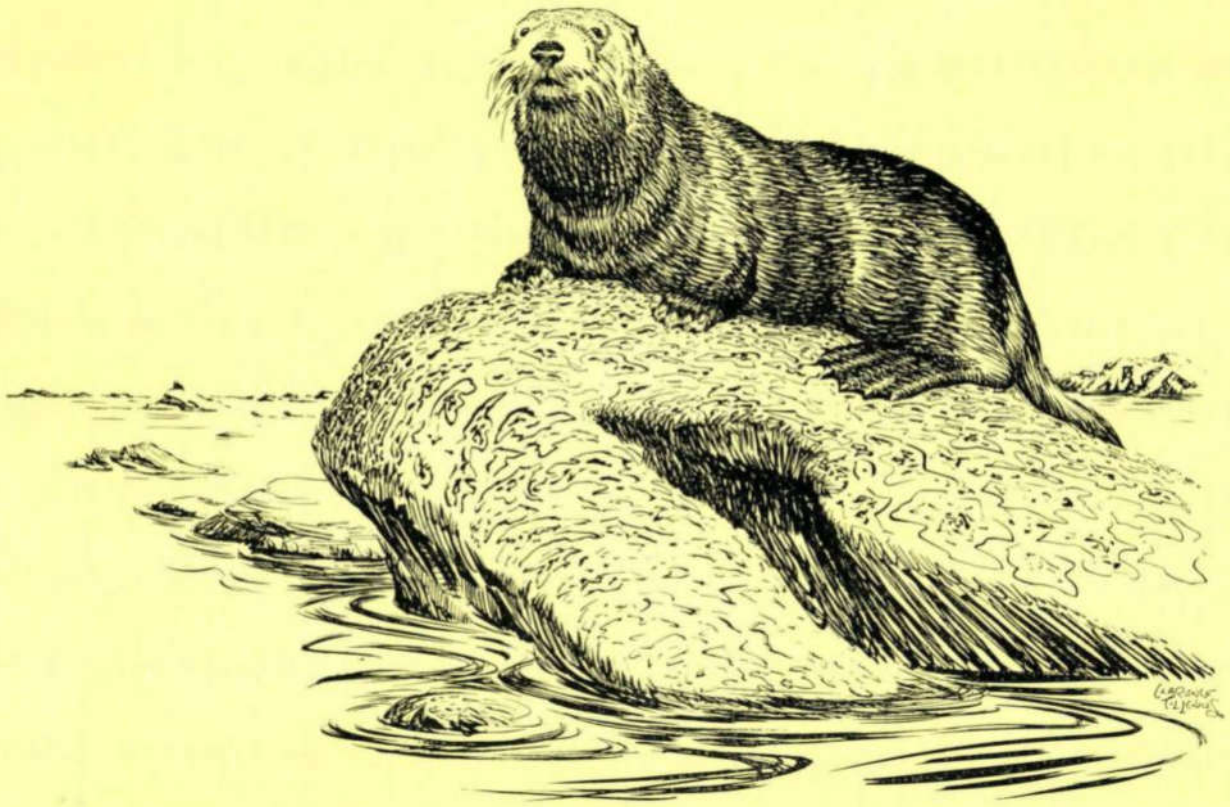
THE white-tailed jack rabbit or prairie hare is a creature of the open plains. Relying on its great speed in a straight run to escape from danger, it has a distinct aversion to forest or even moderately well-treed districts. Startled out of his hidden "form" and bouncing lightly off across the snow covered prairie no one would suspect that these seemingly casual leaps are covering eight to ten feet at a time. When it feels it has reached a safe distance, it sits up, the long ears swivelling back and forth as the yellow eyes scan the country for enemies.

Coyotes sometimes capture jack rabbits by the relay chase, and again sometimes by one lying in ambush while the other runs the jack rabbit past it In winter the great horned owl by night, the snowy arctic owl and the golden eagle by day make its life precarious. I have seen other owls and smaller hawks stooping in play apparently at the rabbits but the jack rabbits usually pay no attention. When the eagle or the snowy owl attack, however, a grim play of life and death begins.

The jack rabbit is one of the most solitary of animals. He makes a number of "forms" about the country to rest in but does not seem to dig holes in the ground. In winter, however, the great snowdrifts that fill the prairie coulees are often mined with long tunnels where the jacks have burrowed into the depths.

It is not known whether jack rabbits have more than one litter in the year. The fact that one may come across baby hares at different times in the summer suggests that they do. Several times, in open fields, I have come across crouching baby jack rabbits that did not stir when I walked close and stooped over them.

Like the young of all hares, the babies are born fully furred with their eyes open. Though able to run when only a few hours old they are generally instructed by their mother to "freeze" or remain motionless when she leaves them. The grey fur, so like a clod of earth and difficult to detect, gives the young protection from predators until grown when they rely on speed. In summer light grey with white underparts and tail, the winter coat of the jack is pure white with black tipped ears, a sprinkling of brown hairs on the forehead and the front parts of the ears. Inhabiting the same terrain winter and summer, they feed on bark, twigs, buds, grass and clover. In winter, stacks of hay, alfalfa or grain will draw them from great distances and in summer they may be often jumped out of turnip fields and gardens.



SEA OTTER

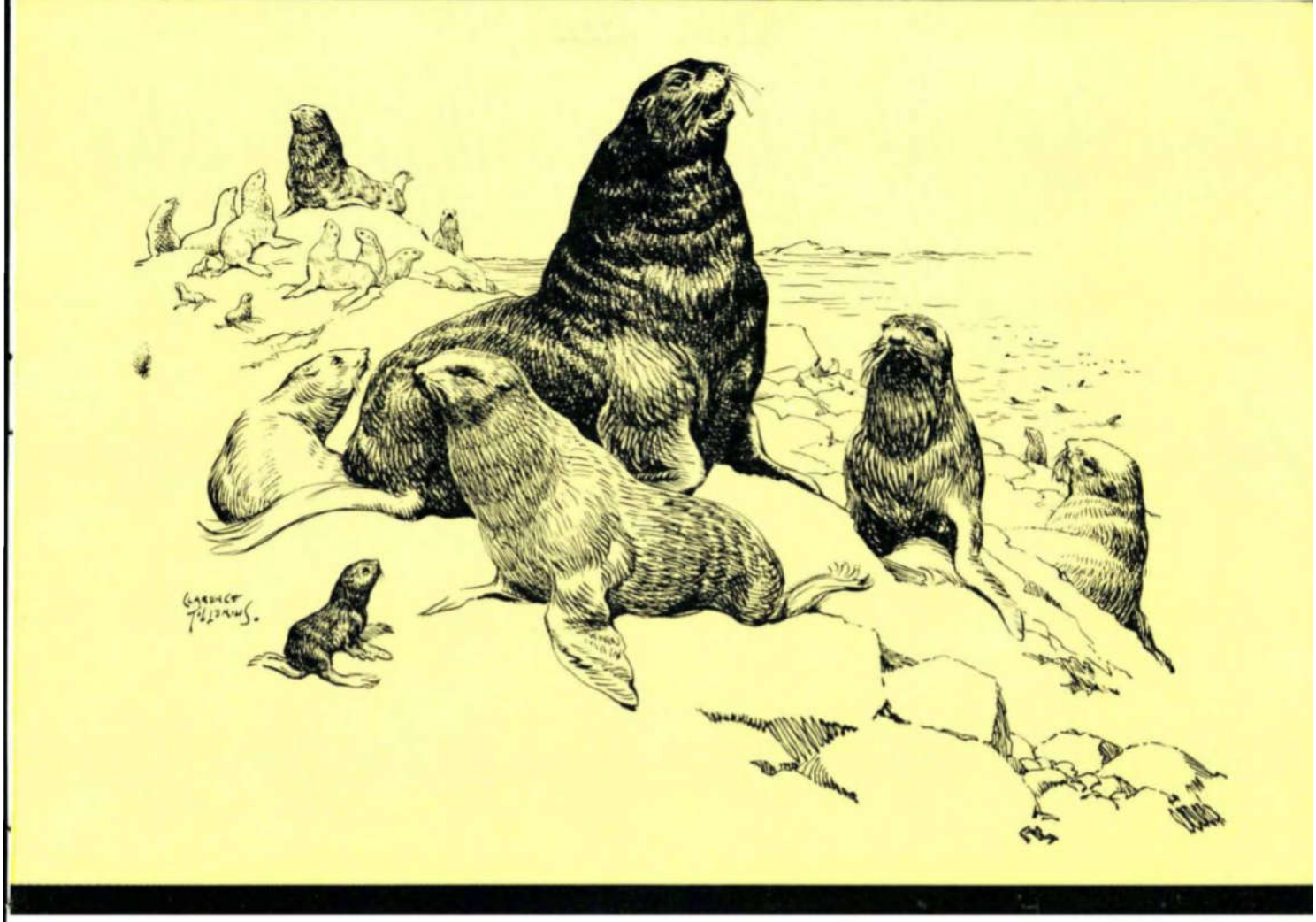
THE most beautiful fur on earth! So men described the pelt of the sea otter in the days when it alone was considered worthy to line the silken robes of oriental princes. Lustrous shining brown, sprinkled with silver or golden hairs, the fur of the sea otter was his undoing. Early in the eighteenth century Russian hunters sailed the treacherous fog-ridden waters of the chain of volcanic islands that lie off the coast of Alaska looking for this precious fur, more sought by them than gold.

The habits of the sea otter helped in their virtual extermination. The female has but one pup at a time and this she nurses, often lying on her back in the sea and fondling it on her broad chest, until it is grown and seeks a mate of its own. They breed on a few rocky, kelp covered islets in the North Pacific off Alaska and Kamchatka that from time immemorial have been their homes. In the words of H. W. Elliott "over two-thirds of all the sea otters taken in Alaska are secured in two small areas of water, little rocky islets and reefs around the islands of Saanach and Chernobours, which proves that these animals, in spite of the incessant hunting all the year around on this ground, seem to have some particular preference for it, to the practical exclusion of nearly all the rest of the territory. This may be due to its better adaptation as a breeding ground."

The sea otter is a beautiful animal, in form midway between the common otter and a seal, and is large, weighing from 70 to 90 pounds. The forefeet are small and thick with calloused pads for handling the spiny sea urchins which form part of its diet. The hind feet, broad and flipper-like, are haired on both sides; the short thick tail is about one-quarter the body length of four feet or so. The colour of the head is grey or yellowish with a frosting of white tips continuing over the shoulders and back giving the beautiful frosty bloom characteristic of the dark fur. Thick yellowish bristles jut from the broad snout and chin, giving an oddly human look to the face.

Among the wide-spread kelp beds the sea otter makes its home, for here it finds partial protection from its enemies, particularly the ferocious killer whale, the scourge of the northern seas. Its food consists mainly of fish, mussels, clams and molluscs. Otters have been reported to crack the shells of the harder molluscs on a stone laid on the chest.

For years the sea otter was thought extinct. Yet they were not all dead. Gradually the pitiful remnants of their once great numbers are beginning to be seen again in some of their former territory—and with strict protection perhaps we in our time may have the satisfaction of knowing that yet another rare and fascinating animal has been saved from extinction.



FUR SEAL

WHAT reader of Kipling has not thrilled to "The Beaches of Lukannon," the song of Kotick, the White Seal, and his brothers? And in our own day, millions of people must have seen Disney's wonderful coloured film *Seal Island* and thrilled to this age old drama of the sea.

The seal rookeries are one of the great spectacles of the world, and our knowledge of them dates from that July of 1786 when G. Pribilof first sighted the breeding grounds, the fog-bound islands that now bear his name. From that day a remorseless slaughter of the seals on their breeding grounds commenced which could only have ended in extermination had not the nations in 1911 agreed to a policy of complete supervision and controlled harvest which has permitted the seal herd slowly to recover some semblance of its former size.

In early May, the harem masters, the great bulls seven years and older, come north and haul ashore on the beaches, each choosing as large an area for his home site as he can hold by battle. By the second week in June, the sleek silvery females begin to arrive and as they swim demurely up and down the beach, the roaring and bellowing of their ardent prospective lovers on shore is overpowering. When the female lands near the bull of her choice he seizes her by the neck and deposits her in his harem, where a day or two later she gives birth to a ten-pound woolly black pup. Very soon after this, mating takes place, and in a few days the mother begins to leave her baby ashore and make long trips to sea to capture the squid and crustaceans on which she feeds. The bulls neither eat nor drink from the time they arrive until the time they leave in late July. On stored body fat alone they attend to as many as one hundred wives, fight hundreds of battles with other males intent on stealing one or other of the harem and still have energy left at the end of the season. The pups, curiously enough, since seals are among the master swimmers of creation, have to be taught to swim.

When the herd disperses, the females with their pups begin their 3,000 mile migration to the wintering grounds in the sea off the Californian coast. The old bulls prefer to remain in the neighbourhood of the Gulf of Alaska, until the first of May brings them back rolling fat and with recharged vitality to begin the cycle all over again.

The pelt of the fur seal is a staple of the trade, and is taken only from three-year bachelor seals of a certain size. These are separated from the smaller females and larger bulls and driven inshore to the killing grounds where gangs of skilled sealers swiftly carry out the slaughtering and removal of pelts. The pelts are divided according to the terms of the treaty among the nations participating in the guardianship of the herds.

BADGER

MORE perhaps than any other animal, the badger loves to dig. With front claws long and strong as a small grizzly's, his forelegs are thick and powerful and he can excavate a hole in sandy soil faster than a man with a shovel. When the badger was found everywhere in the West, the thousands on thousands of holes he dug in excavating ground squirrels, mice, gophers and prairie dogs were a prime menace to travel on the prairie.

Seen afar on his den mound, the badger looks like a flattened, whitish grey rock. With a body weight of 15 to 20 pounds, he is squat and strongly built. His long silvery or yellow grey fur hangs down all around so that he seems to blend with the ground; but when he raises himself on his short black legs to hiss at an intruder, his toed-in appearance is oddly like a large turtle. The face with its odd pattern of black and white is so striking one would think the badger would be instantly visible anywhere. Still, I have walked past a badger lying facing me in full sunlight and never noticed him until the wind ruffling his fur gave him away.

The badger hibernates for part of the winter in the northern part of its range but a continued mild spell in late winter will often bring it out, sometimes to wander for miles through the snow before denning up again. The female makes a nest of grass at the end of the nesting tunnel (which may be as much as twenty-five feet long) and here the two to five young are born about the end of March. The young are born with fur, but their eyes do not open for a month to six weeks. The mother brings them food for most of the summer. Besides gophers and similar small mammals, they eat berries, crickets, snakes, snails, grasshoppers, occasionally birds' eggs, and carrion.

The badger asks only to be left alone, but when cornered he is a savage fighter, and a dog who has tangled with a badger usually has little stomach for a return match. In spite of this, badgers taken young enough can be easily tamed, but because of this predilection for digging they do not make the most satisfactory of pets.

Badger fur was formerly in great demand for shaving brushes. During the '20s and early '30s a tremendous rise in the prices paid for badger fur brought about their virtual extermination in large areas.

Many naturalists have noted that a badger and a coyote will sometimes be seen travelling or hunting together apparently in friendship. It may be that the coyote, who is a wily fellow, begins by hanging around to pick up a gopher that may escape from one of the many burrows while the badger is excavating.

WOLVERINE

THE scowling mask of the wolverine, his surly demeanour, and his sometimes diabolical cleverness, have made his name a byword for malignity in the folklore of the north. It is true that some almost unbelievable exploits credited to him probably have been the work of certain gifted individuals, but the wolverine is formidably equipped to make his way in a grim and hostile world.

One of the largest of the weasels, his squat 25 to 40 pound body houses undreamed-of strength. Like the other weasels, he can produce foul-smelling musk from the anal glands with which he spoils what he cannot destroy.

In appearance he might be likened to a cross between a skunk and a small bear, with a flat sinister head, humped back and short bushy tail, beady eyes, and disproportionately large feet. His colour ranges from tawny brown to almost black, light forehead, band of lighter coloured fur running along the sides from shoulders to tail, often with whitish or yellow spots on throat and chest. A black mask crosses the region of the eyes, giving him a look of ferocity in keeping with his reputation. The two or three young, born in a rock den, perhaps under some rude shelter of brush or fallen tree, are cream coloured (with darker bands where they are light in the adult.) Their eyes open about two weeks after birth and six to eight weeks later they begin to play about the den.

Though the wolverine was long regarded as an untamable beast, Peter Krott in Sweden has over many years successfully raised a considerable number. They have free run of his cabin and the surrounding forests, are fed by Krott, and have not made any appreciable inroads on the local wild game. A great deal of surprising information has been amassed by this man and several beliefs about the wolverine shown to be baseless.

The gait of the wolverine—though it may, as occasion demands, walk, pace or gallop—is most often a rocking lope that carries it tirelessly over the rough and broken country it prefers. Sometimes one will follow a trapper on his rounds, springing the traps, destroying the fur-bearers caught in them, and with amazing ingenuity even breaking into his cabin to destroy and befoul the contents.

Wolverine fur is in great demand by Indians and Eskimos as a trimming for parka hoods since it does not become matted with frost. Circumpolar in distribution, the wolverine has gone from many parts of its former range and though it exists in scattered areas throughout northern Canada and Alaska, its numbers have dwindled. Its food is anything it can catch and it has been known to tackle animals as large as caribou.

RACCOON

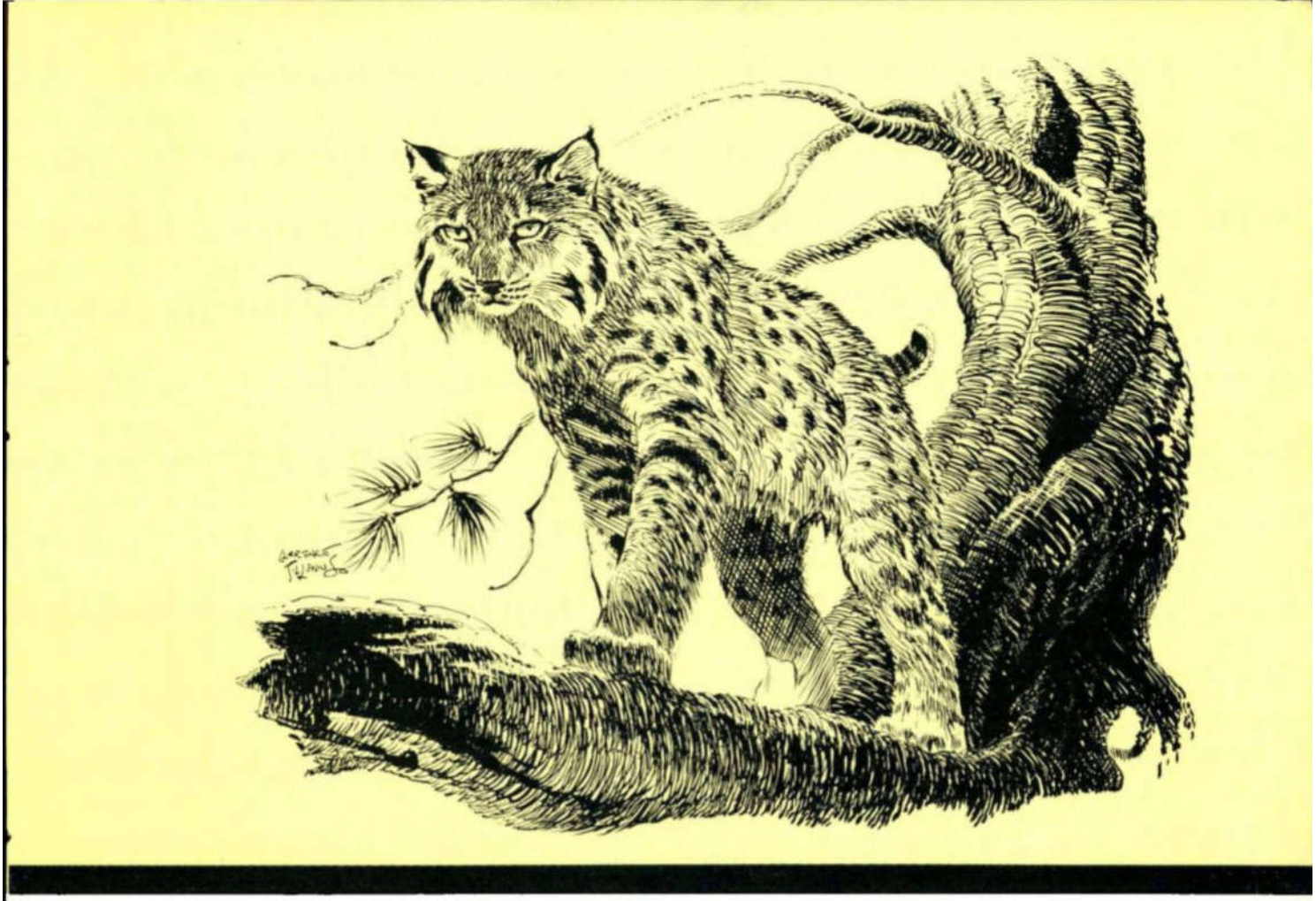
BLACK mask and black-ringed tail are such distinctive field marks that it would be impossible to confuse the raccoon with any other animal in Canada. The yellowish or brownish grey fur is of good quality, once widely sought for carriage robes and coonskin coats.

Many people may know the coon only by association with the "coonskin cap" of Daniel Boone and Davey Crockett. Though not found in the extreme far North, it seems to be extending its range in Canada and is to be seen in many districts where twenty or thirty years ago it was unknown. People who have never seen a live raccoon have still heard of its odd habit of washing its food. Why it does this has been widely debated, but as it spends a great deal of time hunting food along streams and at the water's edge (crawfish, mussels, snails, frogs, etc., being part of its diet) it is a fair supposition that the washing is primarily to remove mud and gravel before eating. It sometimes carries this habit into captivity, and it is pathetic to see one sitting before a pan of muddy water methodically sousing some morsel into a repellent looking mass before eating.

Coons den in hollow trees, under stumps or even in caves. Mating takes place about March. From three to seven young ones are produced, and their eyes open in about three weeks. The young coons travel with the mother until late fall, when they separate to go their own way, since they usually den up singly for the winter.

The coon is an omnivorous eater, like the red fox, and almost nothing comes amiss to him. When the spirit moves him, he may raid the farmer's hen-house or duck pond and when the corn is in the "milk-ear" stage the high whinnying whicker of the coon at night may herald a stripped corn patch in the morning.

The raccoon is a valiant fighter, and given anything like a fair show, will render a good account of himself in battle. Though they have good noses, their sense of touch is well developed and they may often be seen patting an object all over with their hand-like paws before raising it to the nose for the final judgment. They are very easily tamed and because of their lively dispositions make attractive pets. One which had the run of my studio for some time had an engaging habit of tugging at my trouser leg to coax me to come to play with him, and when tickled in the ribs would roll over on his back grunting, churring and squirming with delight. He particularly liked to bite things like watch chains, keyrings or shiny metal objects and would lie on his back and play with them happily.



BOBCAT

THE bobcat or bay lynx is a compactly built, muscular cat weighing from twenty to thirty pounds, though individuals of perhaps twice this weight have been recorded. Its feet are trim and unlike the huge hairy pillows of the Canada lynx, and the high hindquarters are not so pronounced. At a little distance the bobcat's tail is also noticeably longer. Moreover, where the Canada lynx is an animal almost exclusively of the deep northern forests, the bobcat is found in open, rocky or bushy districts from southern Canada clear to Mexico.

The bobcat hunts chiefly by night and so is seldom seen even in districts where it may be quite plentiful. It is a beautifully marked cat, though the fur does not compare in quality with that of the Canada lynx. The coat is usually a bright bay or red brown colour with dark spots and rosettes showing through the fur. The underparts are whitish, with dark spots, the spotted tail dark above with a white tip and white underneath. The ears, though slightly tufted, do not have the "pencils" of the Canada lynx and are jet black with a white spot on the back. The face is striking, with black and white ruff and handsome whiskers.

Hunting alone, padding through the thickets as silently as a ghost, the bobcat is death to rabbits, gophers, mice, snakes, lizards, ground-nesting birds—in fact anything eatable. In winter I have followed their tracks to carcasses of winter- or wolf-killed deer and moose where several may feed at a carcass, with ravens, jays, eagles and magpies, until nothing is left but a few bones and scraps of sinew.

All lynxes make a variety of cat noises, and the bobcat is no exception. As the mating season approaches in late winter one may often be startled when travelling in the woods at night by discordant yowling, caterwauls and occasionally what sounds like a battle to the death between king sized tomcats—but tracks examined in the morning indicate that the ferocious sounding interchange was no more than romantic small-talk between the sexes.

The kittens, brought forth in early spring in hollow logs, a cave or even a brushpile, open their eyes in about ten days, and through their first season are cared for by the mother. The packs of lynxes sometimes seen in late fall are probably such family parties. Sometime during early winter they separate, thenceforth to lead fairly solitary lives.

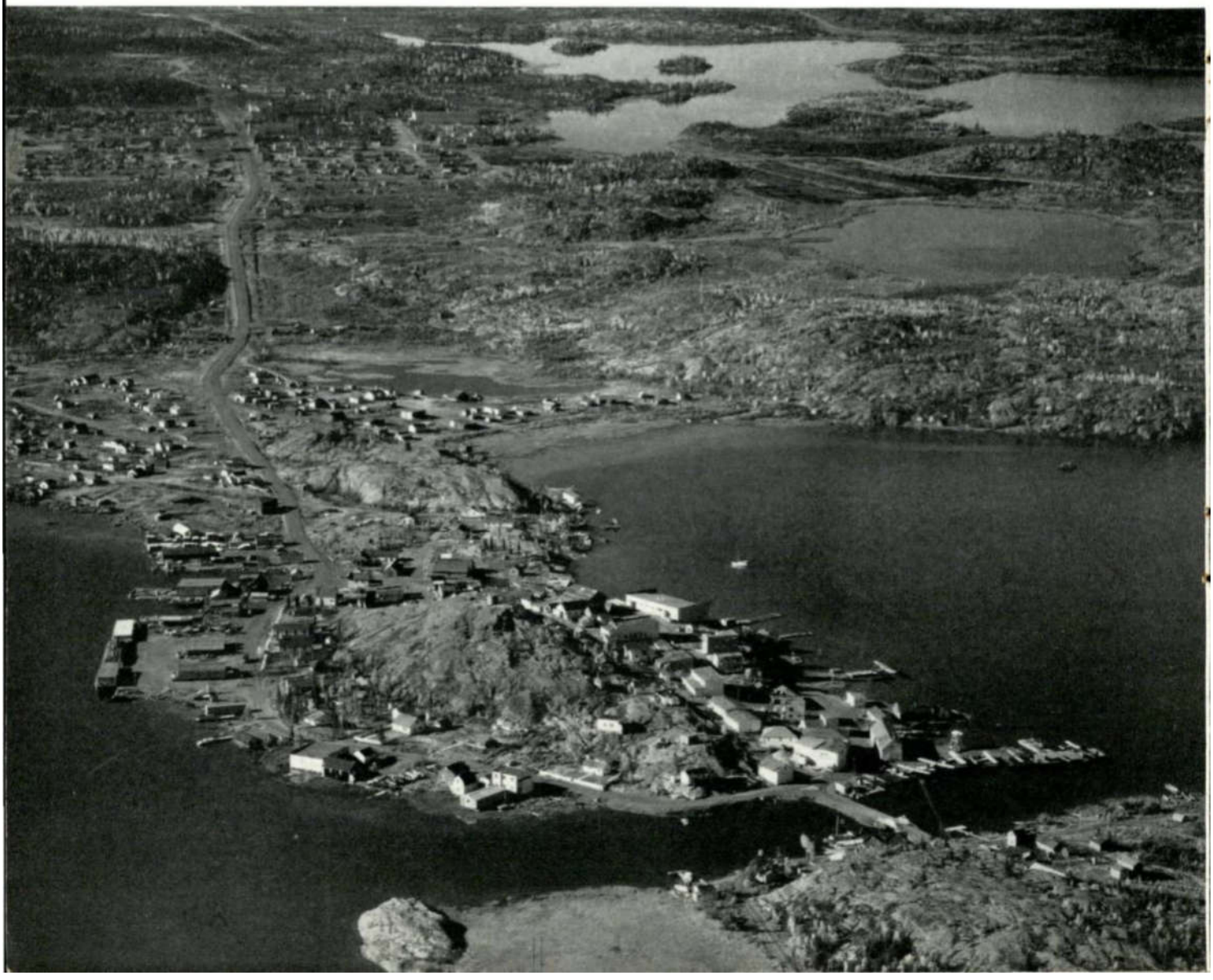
Bobcats are not difficult to snare or trap and a study of the tracks will tell why, for the trails go meandering here and there, stopping at every cranny where there might be something of interest. This curiosity, of which the trapper takes full advantage, often proves fatal.

Though the bobcat is an expert tree climber, he spends most of his time on the ground, and when hunted with dogs will give them a long gruelling chase through the worst terrain possible before treeing.

GOLD C

Scenes above and below ground in

Yellowknife Old Town with New Townsite in background.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE HUNTER

OUNTRY

the fabulous Yellowknife Country

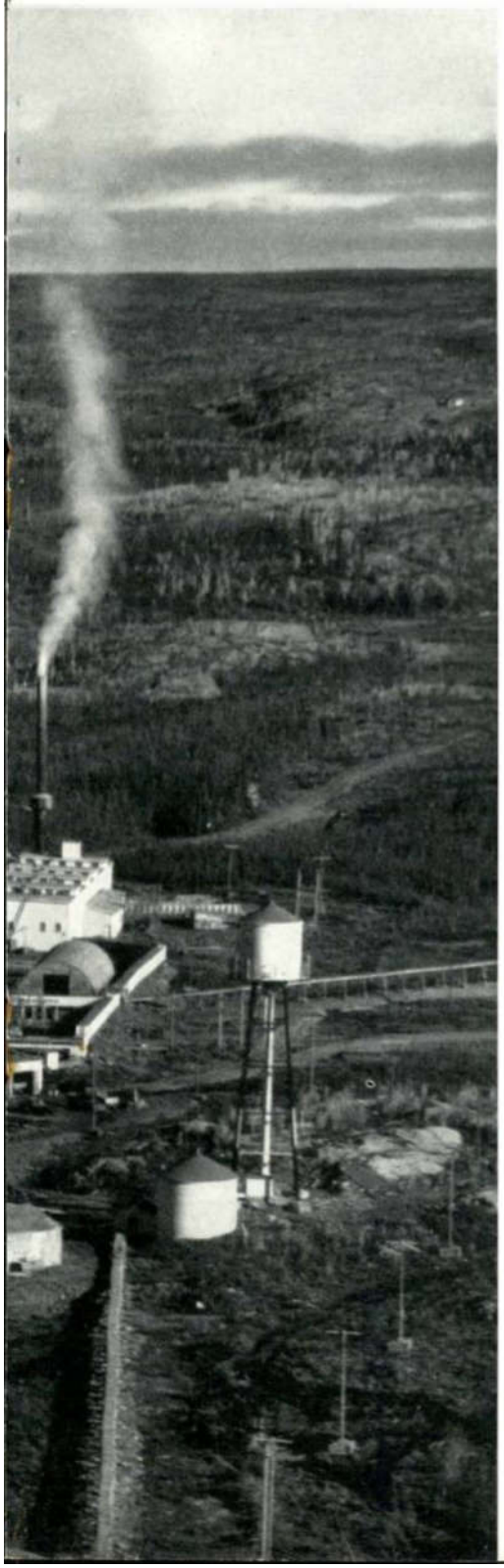
The aircraft docks in the Old Town.

GOLD COU

Giant Yellowknife gold mine No. 3 and mill (foreground)

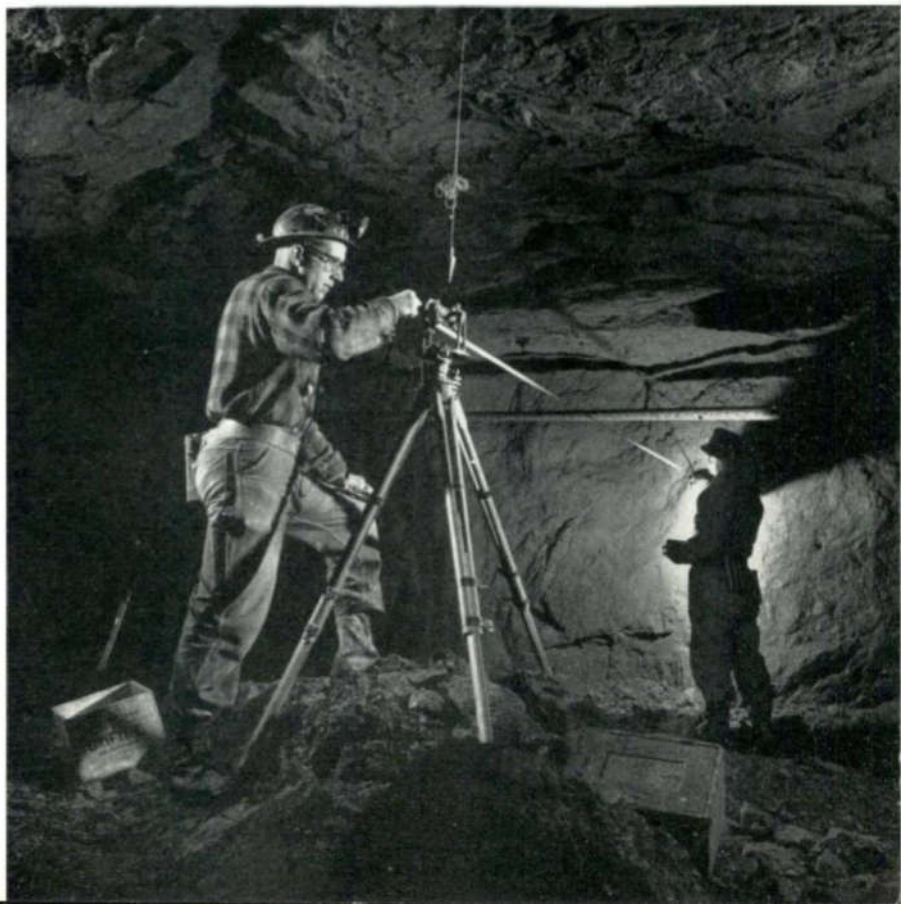
N T R Y

and No. 2 mine.

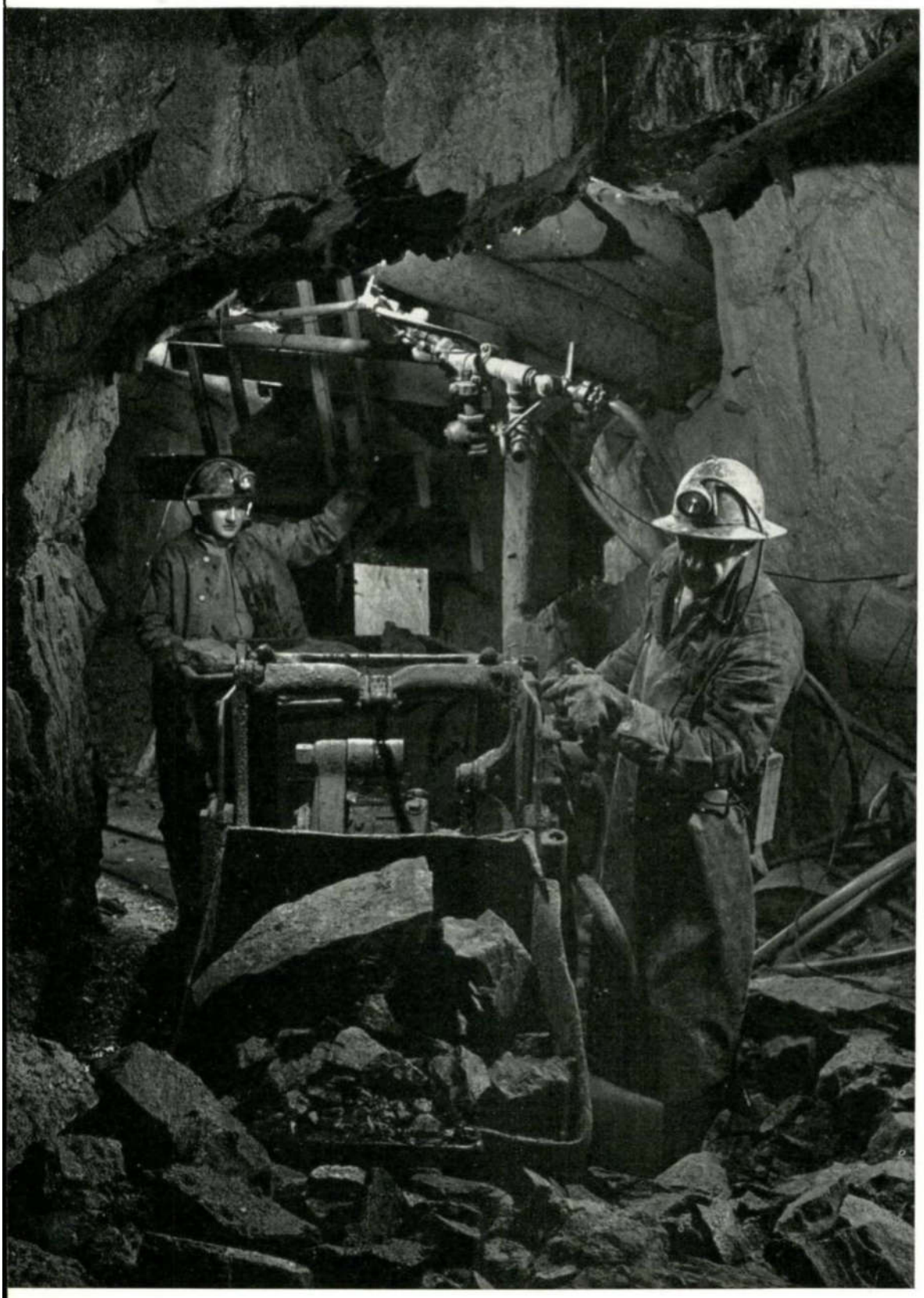


Exploratory work with a diamond drill in a drift in the Consolidated Discovery Yellowknife mine.

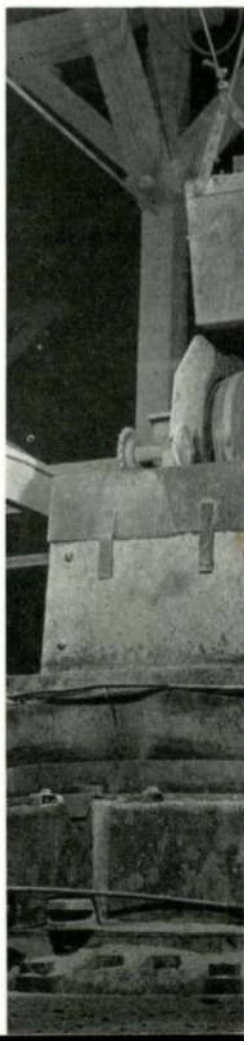
Engineers with level taking offsets in a drift.



Truckers operate a mucking machine at a face.

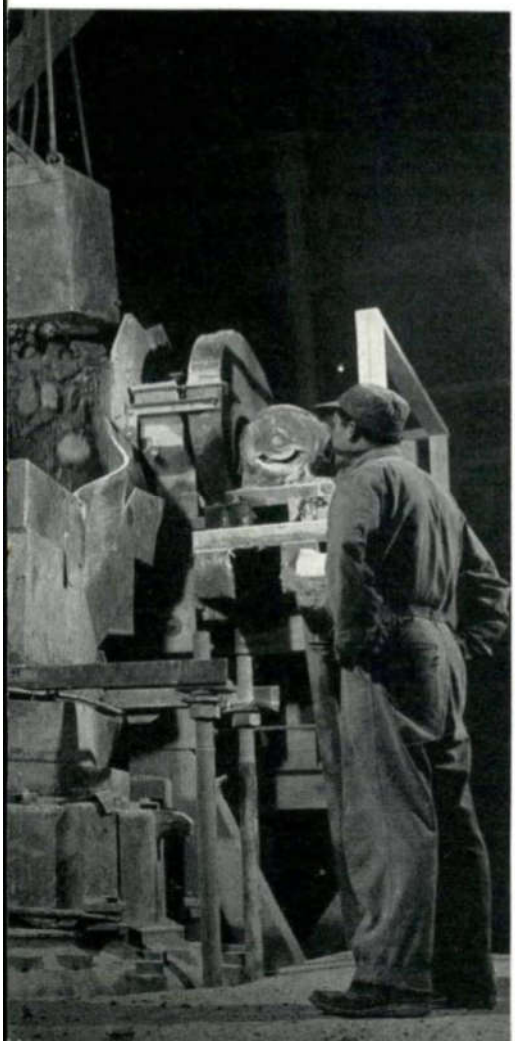


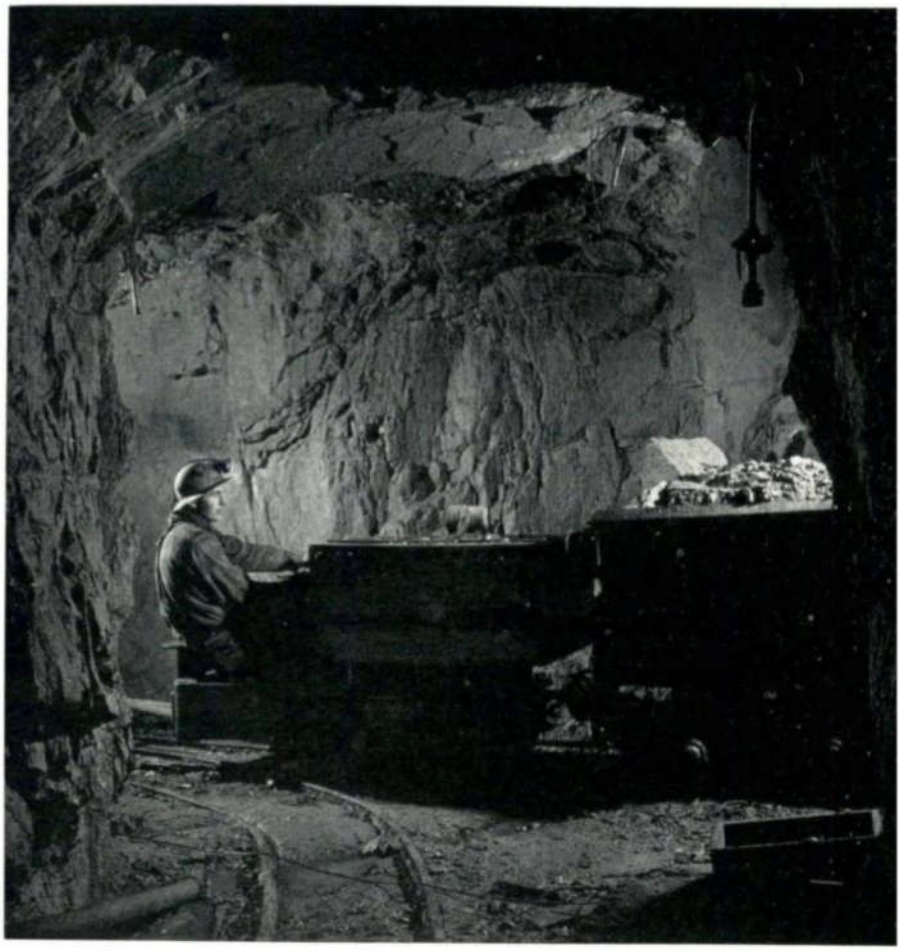
GOL
COU



The assayer places a crucible in the assay furnace.

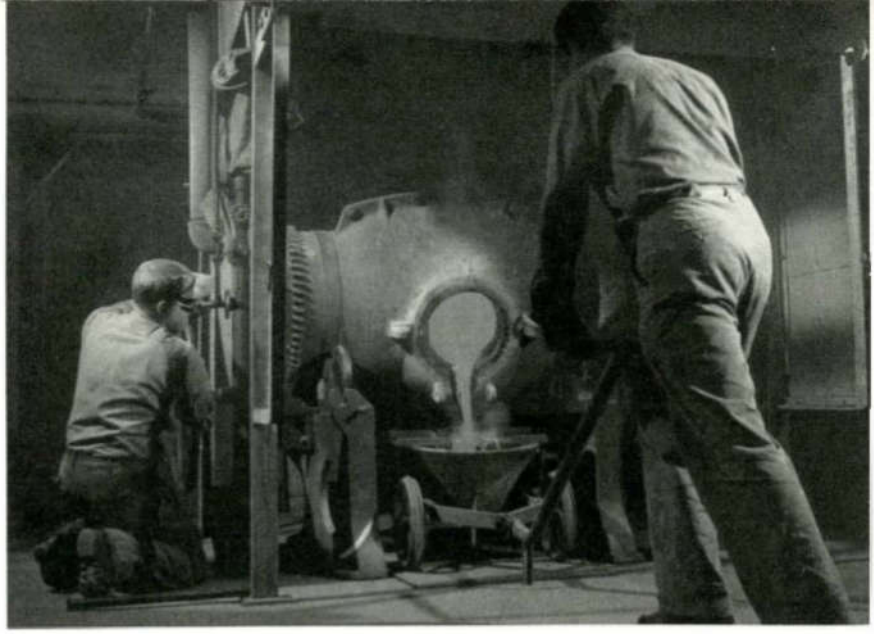
D
NTRY





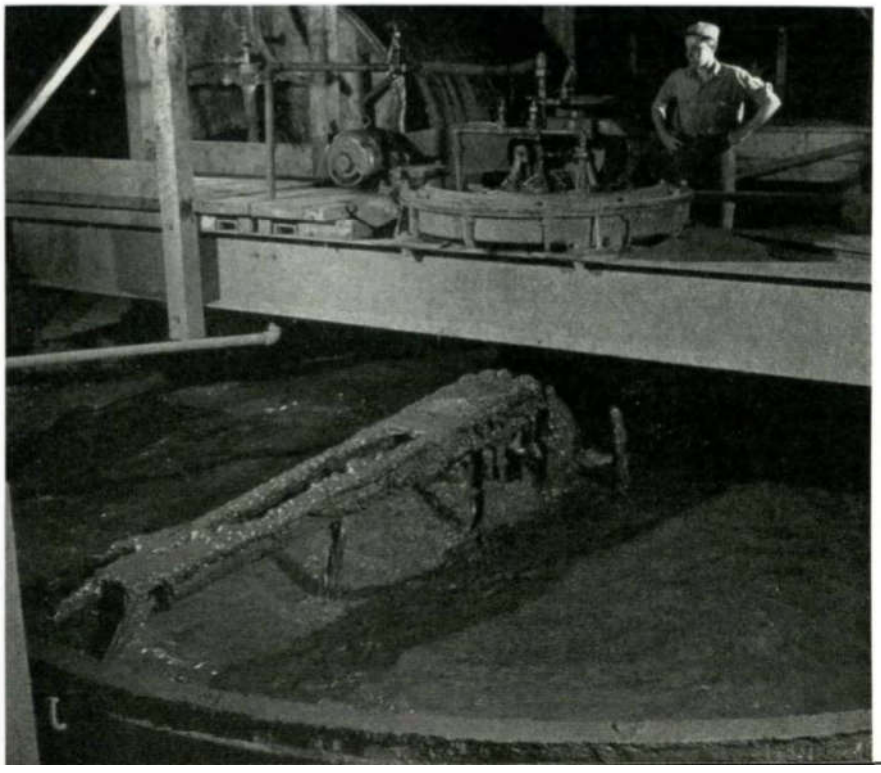
Ore scooped out by the mucker is conveyed in strings of trams to the crusher to be broken down.

A crusher breaks down the ore.



A pour takes place in Giant's gold room.

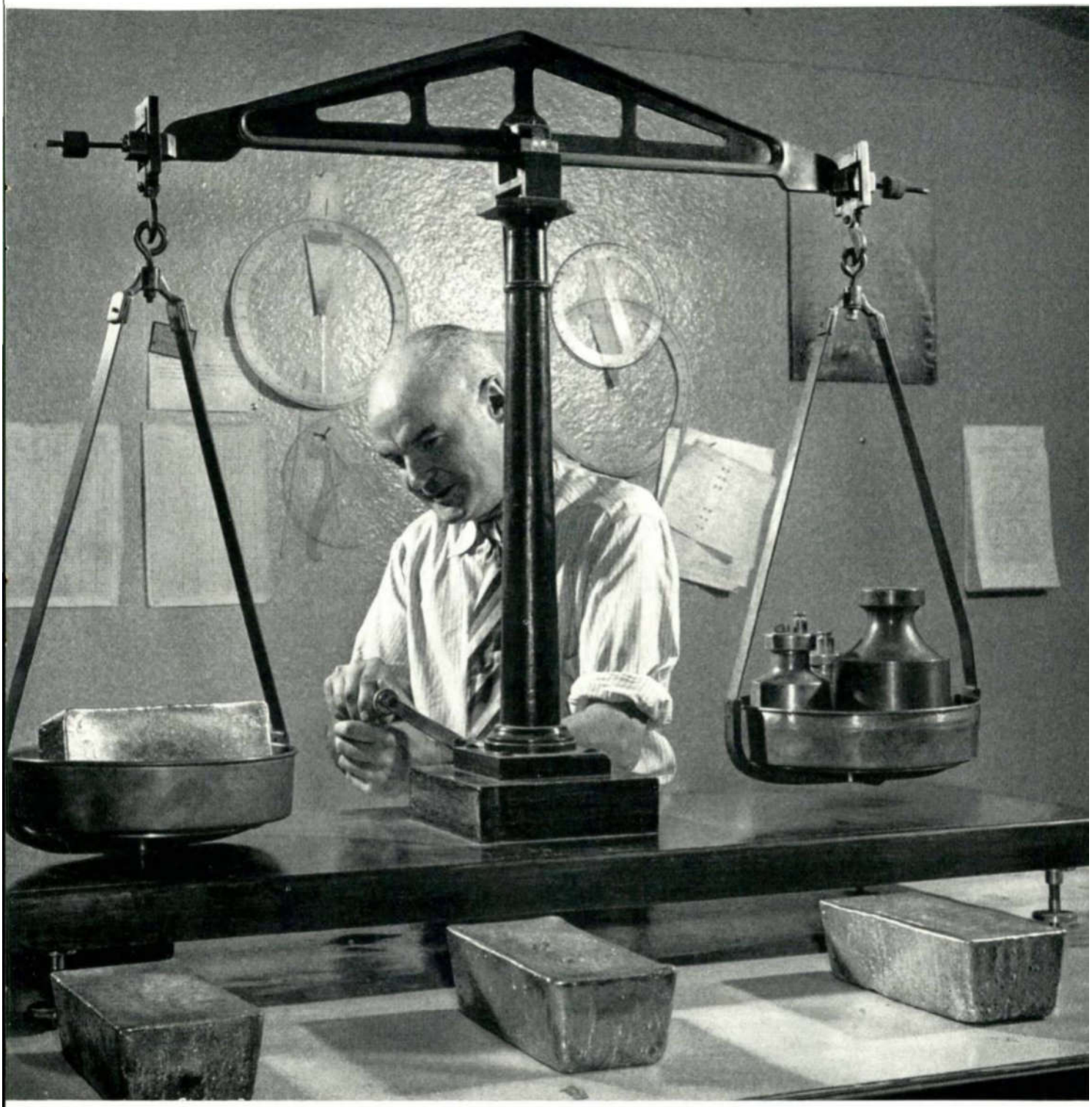
Mill operators change the fabric on a bank of filters.



A classifier with a string filter in background.

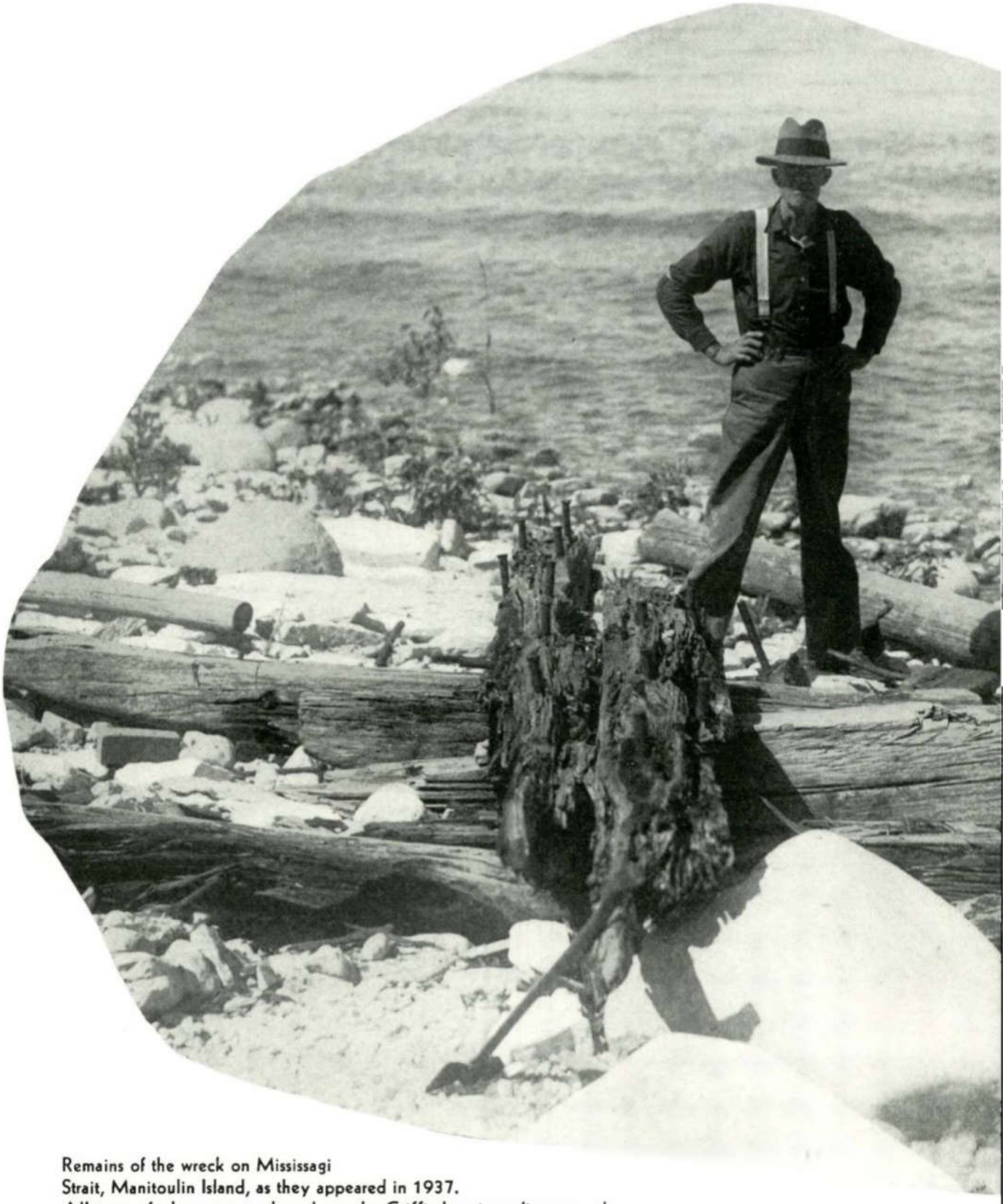
G

The final product—gold bricks are weighed in the mine office.



OLD COUNTRY

Over 275 years ago, the first ship on the Great Lakes disappeared without



Remains of the wreck on Mississagi
Strait, Manitoulin Island, as they appeared in 1937.
All trace of what seems to have been the *Griffin* has since disappeared.

trace. Perhaps her bones lie here.

WAS THIS LA SALLE'S 'GRIFFIN'?

BY GEORGE R. FOX

ON September 18, 1679, La Salle's fur-laden *Griffin*, first ship on the Great Lakes, weighed anchor at the outlet of Green Bay, Lake Michigan, and sailed off into oblivion. No one knows what happened to her. But almost exactly two centuries later, an old wreck was found on Manitoulin Island which the most careful study indicates was the remains of this famous ship. It lay a mile north of Mississagi Light where it was nearly covered with rubble thrown over it by the seas. W. A. Grant, who later became keeper of the light, first saw the wreck in 1898. This article is an attempt to determine its identity, in the light of all available evidence.

First, what type of ship did La Salle build? In 1678, in France, he recruited ship carpenters, pit sawyers, adze men, caulkers, a blacksmith, and labourers. These men from Normandy and Flanders could build only the kind of craft their training had taught them to construct, and the dominant type of that place and period was the *galliot*. A copper plate engraving, "The building of the *Griffin*," published in Amsterdam in 1704, showed by comparison with the figures of men working on her, a *galliot* of less than 60 feet in length.

Such vessels were used in the North Sea and the English Channel and were built up to 500 tons. But L. Denoix, a noted naval archaeologist of Paris, indicates that smaller ships, of 45 to 50 tons, could be handled by a crew of five and were more economical to operate. These craft were less than 60 feet long and were about 20 feet wide.

In his book *La Louisiane*, Father Hennepin meagrely describes the *Griffin* as a ship of about 45 tons "which we might call an ambulant fort." He changed this to 60 tons in *A New Discovery*, but in any event she could not have been large.

• George Randall Fox, historian and archaeologist, is president of the Cass County Historical Society, Michigan. His investigations of the old wreck on Manitoulin Island have been spread over seventeen years.

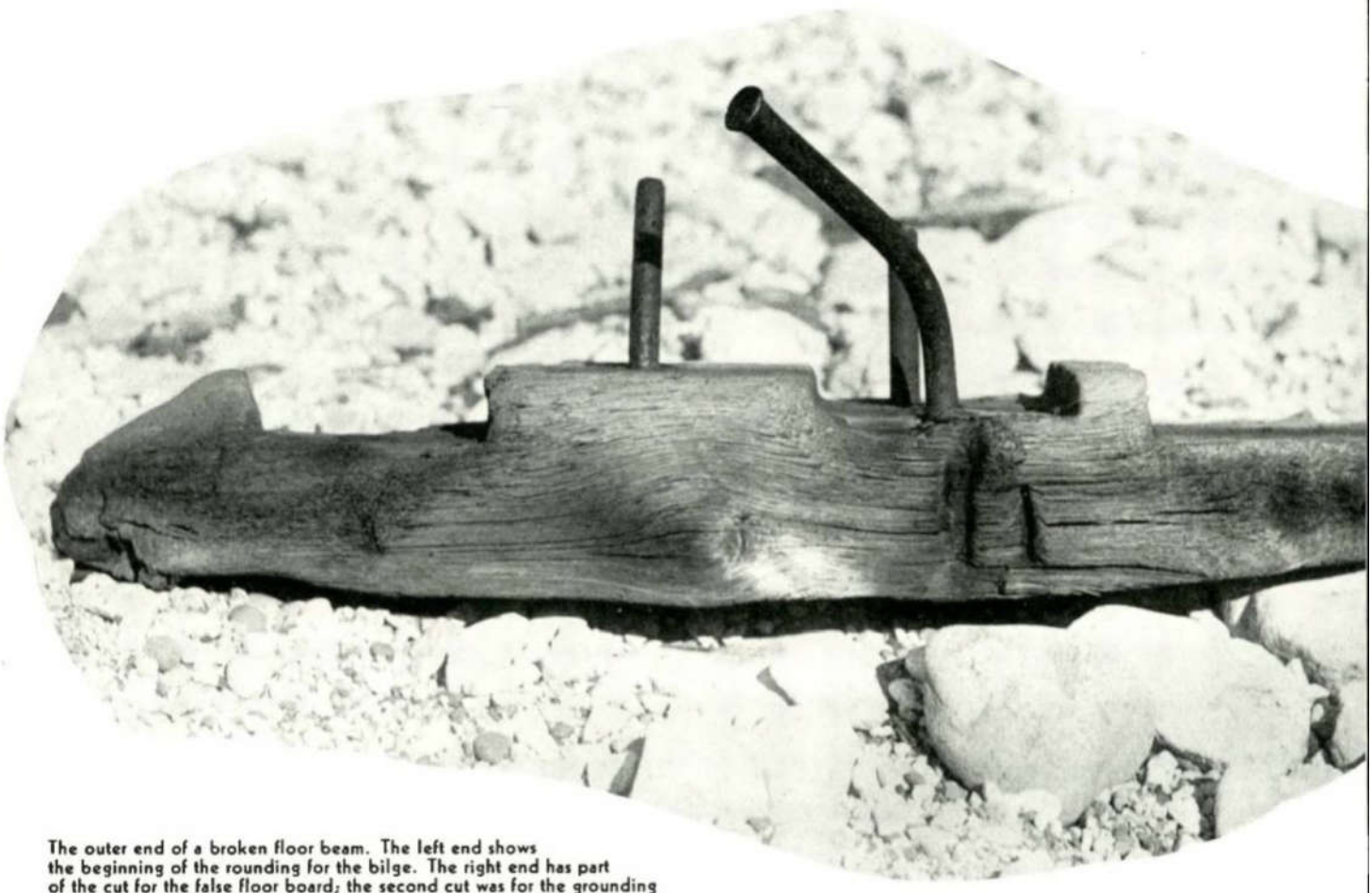
The galliot had no deep keel to keep her on course when sailing into the wind. The keel, usually 12 by 12 inches, was for stiffening the hull and for support when the ship was resting on bottom in shallow water at low tide. On each side of this keel, seven or eight feet out at the turn of the bilge, were the grounding keels.

The remains of the old wreck, as first seen by keeper Grant, were not over 30 feet in length and between 15 and 20 feet wide. The stem and stern were missing, as were the sides and upper part of the vessel. The bottom was flat and nearly covered with gravel. Later, when waves had exposed the timbers, only the bottom planks, floors, and keelsons remained. The 36-inch bolts which had held the keelsons, floors, and keel together showed that the missing keel had been 12 inches deep. While no grounding keels were found, cuts made in the underside of the floors to attach them to the hull were in evidence, as were the bolts that once fastened them in place. In shape, all of these members, as well as wide cuts indicating the use of a false floorboard on each side of the keel, were much like those of a galliot.

The wreck on Manitoulin impressed all who saw it with its fine workmanship and the huge size of the timbers. Commander Eugene F. MacDonald, Jr., of Chicago, on whose advice I visited it in 1937, described it as "a hull built as I never saw a hull built before."

Captain T. J. Batman, of Sheguiandah, Manitoulin Island, examined the remains in 1930, with Roy F. Fleming, Toronto historian. He considered the keelsons heavy enough for a Great Lakes trading schooner of 300 to 400 tons. He suggested that such huge timbers in a ship of this size indicated that its builders were accustomed to ocean standards.

Measurements taken by Fleming in 1930 show that the bottom remaining at that time was about 30 feet long and 15 feet wide. There were two keelsons, each a foot square and about an inch apart, with no space for a centreboard. These figures, and others which I obtained in 1937, were sent to Denoix in Paris. He determined that the vessel measured a bit less than 60 feet in length, about 16 feet in width, and seven feet in depth. She would have drawn six or seven feet of water, which corresponds to a displacement of some 60 tons. This displacement was adequate for safe navigation on the lakes and had no relationship



The outer end of a broken floor beam. The left end shows the beginning of the rounding for the bilge. The right end has part of the cut for the false floor board; the second cut was for the grounding keel. When in position in the ship, the upper side as shown here was down.

to the weight of the cargo. The shape of the boat would have necessitated a permanent ballast of 10 to 20 tons to obtain stability.

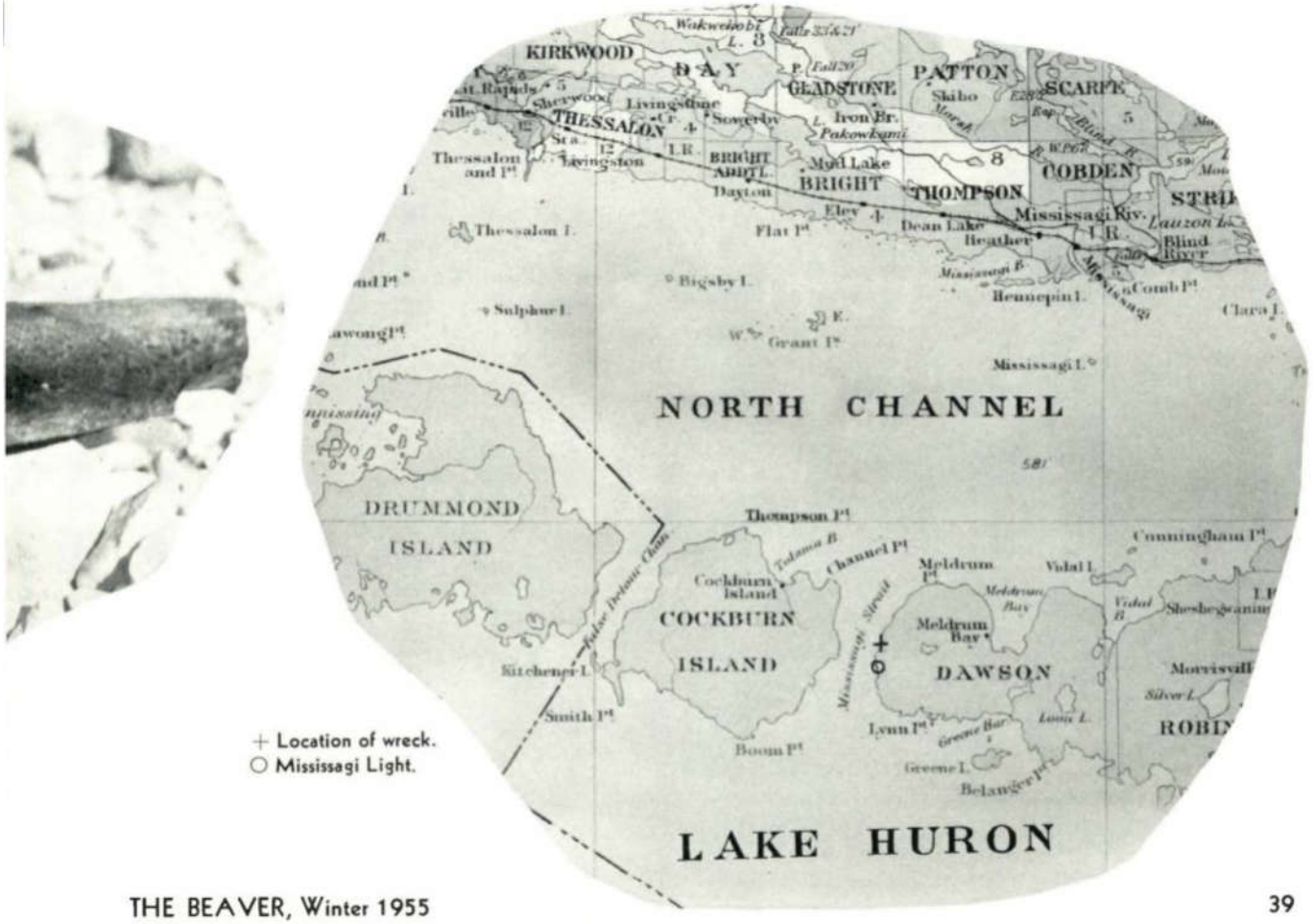
Other details offer possible clues to the time of construction. All investigators of the wreck have noted that trenails (wooden pegs) were not used. In the 17th century the British were using trenails in ship building, but the French were not. A French regulation of 1673 required that "Ships will be iron-pegged in the junction of the principal beams while wooden pins are to be used everywhere else." Denoix states that French shipbuilders paid no attention to these instructions and continued to use iron nails and bolts as late as 1800. Users of the French method appear to have built the ship whose wreck lay on Mississagi Passage.

Further evidence pointing to a definite period comes from the iron in bolts, spikes, nuts, and washers taken from the timbers. In 1931, Fleming sent a bolt to the National Academy of Arts and Trades, in Paris, for study and analysis. While giving no date, the report found that "It presents all the early characteristics of a piece of iron manufactured by a process in use in France before the 18th Century." One end of the bolt bore irregular threads, noticeably squared, and a screw nut strongly suggesting the crude, hand-crafted iron work of the 17th century. Such threads were produced by forcing a metal nut onto the bolt to rough-hew it, then finishing the work with lime.

Relative to iron making at that time, the same authority stated that the refining fuel was mixed with the ore in a process which left sulphur in the metal. Chemical analysis revealed 0.025 per cent sulphur in the iron specimens, an amount about average for the period in question, when smelting was by the use of wood, rather than coal or coke. Commander MacDonald had other analyses made, and all agree that the iron was made by a process in use in the 17th century or before. Its content of phosphorus proved to be high (0.0235 per cent), dating the bolt before the process of eliminating phosphorus was known.

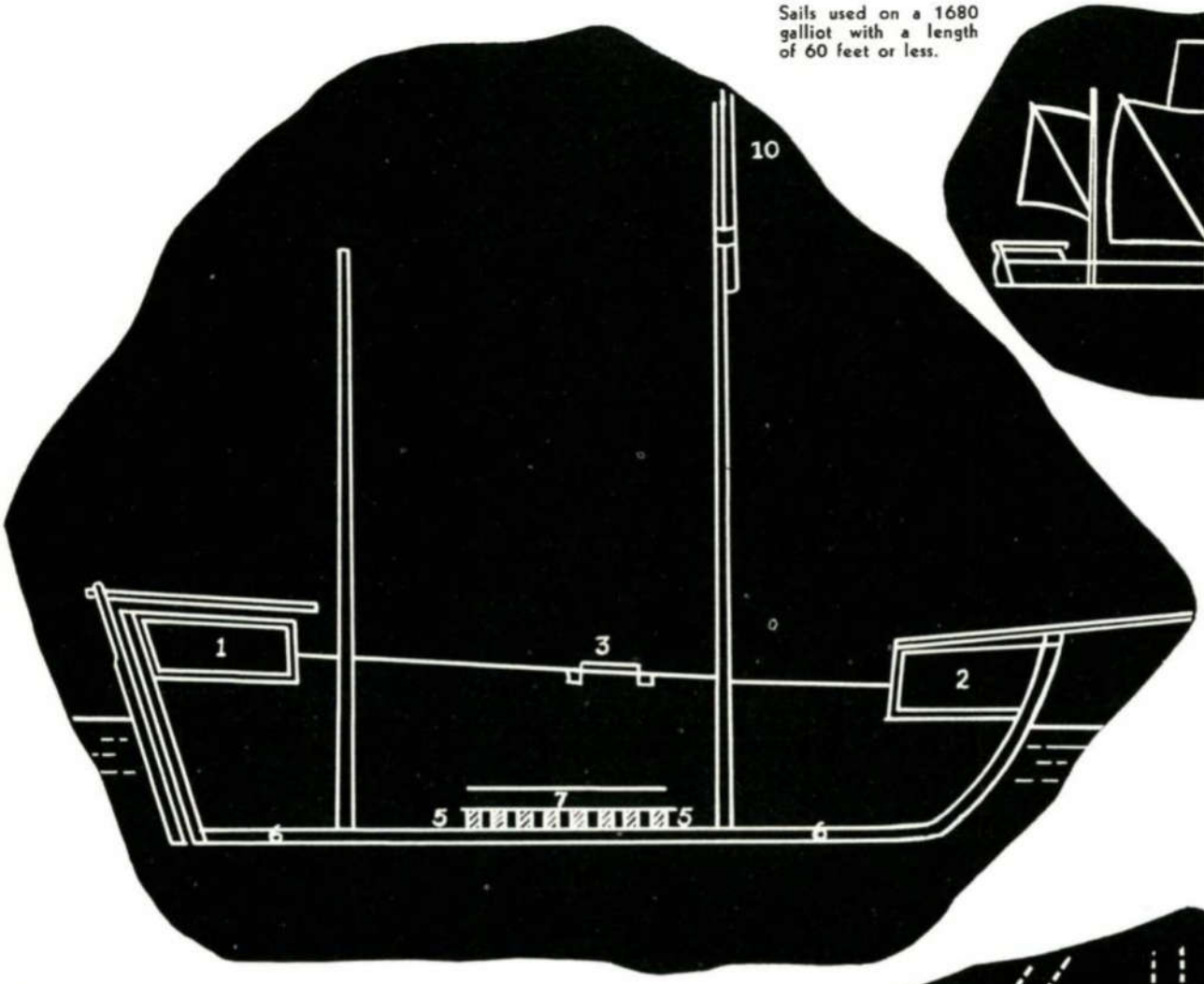
Early visitors saw iron fastenings in all parts of the wreck, but few of them remained in 1937. Frank H. Myers, of Shaker Heights, Ohio, probably has furnished the explanation for this. In 1915, as President of the Manitoulin Historical Society, he called together descendants of the pioneers of the island to learn what they recalled about this wreck on Mississagi. Among other things he was told that early settlers chopped the timbers to pieces to get the iron spikes for harrow teeth.

Grant Turner, of Little Current, has one of the spikes in his collection. It is 10 inches long, hand cut from a square bar, and has a very small head. All of the spikes



+ Location of wreck.
○ Mississagi Light.

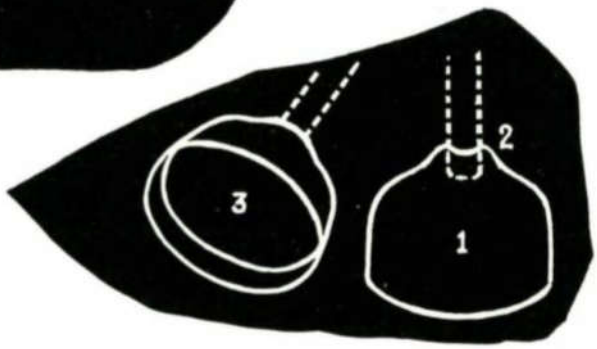
Sails used on a 1680 galliot with a length of 60 feet or less.



Side view of a galliot larger than the *Griffin*.

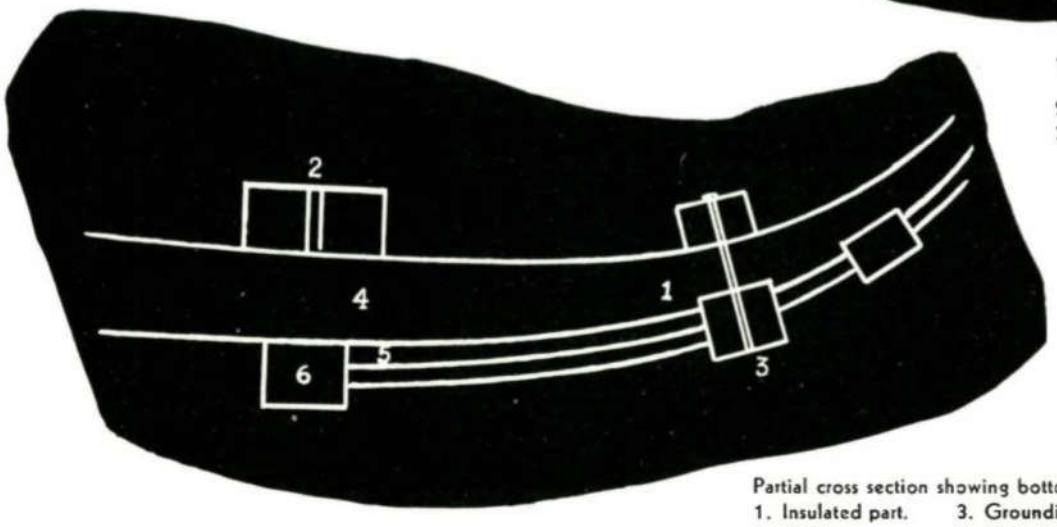
1. Captain's quarters.
2. Room or galley
3. Hatch.
5. Floor, each 1' x 9"
6. Keel, 1' square.
7. Keelson, 2' x 9"
10. Main mast carried top mast for small square sail.

After drawings by L. Denoix, French naval archaeologist.



1. Lead swab or ram found at wreck.
2. Place for handle.
3. Bottom of swab, diameter 3½".

From drawings by R. F. Fleming.



Partial cross section showing bottom construction of a galliot.

1. Insulated part.
2. Keelson.
3. Grounding keel.
4. Floor (beam).
5. False floor board.
6. Keel.

were blunt and appear to have been cut off with a diagonal stroke. Driving them must have been difficult and the head probably resulted from the strength of the blows used. The smallest spikes were four inches, the majority about eight inches, and the largest 16 inches. "The iron nails with small heads," explains Denoix, "are the classical broadside nails. The head was small in order to get lost in the broadside and permit its planing. A thickness of three inches in depth is normal; also its fixation by nails of 6 or 8 inches."

The most puzzling feature of the wreck is the lead found in it. In an article in *Ontario History* (1952), C. H. J. Snider, of Toronto, indicates that in early days the Indians obtained lead there for bullets and for sinkers used on their nets. Later, the whites also used it for net weights. Only a few pieces of the lead are known today, and Light Keeper Grant is the only person now living who noted how it was used in the ship. He states that it was in the seams, which were about a quarter of an inch wide. The lead was V-shaped or U-shaped, underlain by what might have been oakum, and it originally could have been held in place by wooden wedges. Fleming, too, observed "lead . . . caulked into the seams about a quarter of an inch wide, with no signs of pitch."

Was lead ever used by American shipbuilders? C. L. Douglas of Bath, Maine, a recognized authority, writes that so far as he knows lead was never used for caulking in this country. On this point Fleming queried the Smithsonian Institution, the Marine Research Society of Salem, Massachusetts, and the Marine Department of Canada. None found in their extensive libraries any reference to lead being so used in America.

But he found that in Europe lead had been employed as caulking material. One reference mentions its use in a Swedish ship in 1544, and Denoix described the use of lead in caulking galliots of 200 years ago. The lead was laid along each side of the seam and a wooden wedge driven between.

The grounding keels carried by the wreck are another evidence of construction at a time when their use in Europe was common. The ship's builders used them since their training demanded it. Before 1760 on the Great Lakes, only the French could have built sailing craft. After that date the British took over. Their ships were schooners and sloops, which were launched and had no landing keels.

Ring counts of the wood itself failed to establish any date. Cellular examination has shown that the white oak could have been cut on the Niagara Peninsula, but the evidence is not conclusive.

How long has this wreck lain on the Manitoulin shore?

William A. Grant saw it first in 1898. It was there when his father came to the island some years earlier. Grant heard John Francis, a nonagenarian Indian, tell that it was there during his boyhood. Francis' father, who lived to be ninety, told John that it was there when he, too, was a lad. "Before my time," he related, "it had always been called the white man's ship."

John Francis' memory places the wreck there about 1810, and the recollection of his father pushes it back another generation to somewhere between 1780 and 1790. The *Griffin* was the only ship used by the French on Lake Huron.

If the ship timbers on Manitoulin were not those of the *Griffin*, they must have been those of an English vessel built between 1761, when the British launched two small vessels in Lake Erie, and 1790 when we may presume the wreck already existed. The British evacuated the region in 1796, and until then it is doubtful that they had more than 100 ships above Niagara. The point of significance is that English craft were very different from the galliot type of the late 1600s. Only the finding of parts of the wreck beneath the waters of the Passage can definitely answer the question of how the stem and stern were built.

Keeper Grant is convinced that the superstructure of the ship and perhaps her anchors and cannon are at the bottom of Mississagi Passage off the spot where the timbers lay. Some time before 1930, F. James, a commercial fisherman, anchored his 70-foot tug in the Passage opposite the wreck. When he tried to raise his hook, it would not come. Using all the tug's power and nearly pulling her bow out, he finally brought the anchor up. One fluke had broken, and on the other was part of a wreck that slipped off and sank.

Other finds from these depths could prove or disprove that this wreck is the *Griffin*. If an anchor chain is found which belongs to it, then the ship was not La Salle's. Denoix says that anchor chains were not used prior to 1830.

Hennepin's diary reports that she carried five guns, two of which were brass. No cannon have yet been found, but shortly before the turn of the century, Keeper Grant found at the wreck two lead objects similar in shape to the rubber cup mounted on a handle which is used for opening clogged drains. One still had a part of the handle attached. These were identified by two men who had served in the British Navy as rams or swabs for loading a cannon and cleaning it after firing. Each had a diameter somewhat less than three inches.

A number of these clues from the wreck seem to substantiate the theory that the timbers are from La Salle's *Griffin*: the characteristics of the white oak of which she was built; the huge size of her timbers; the size of the wrecked ship being almost identical with the *Griffin*; the flatness of the bottom and the presence of grounding keels; the absence of trenails; the hand-made broadside nails; the long iron bolts, the nuts, and the old method of threading; the sulphur and phosphorus in the iron; the use of lead in caulking; and the known length of time the wreck lay in Mississagi Passage.

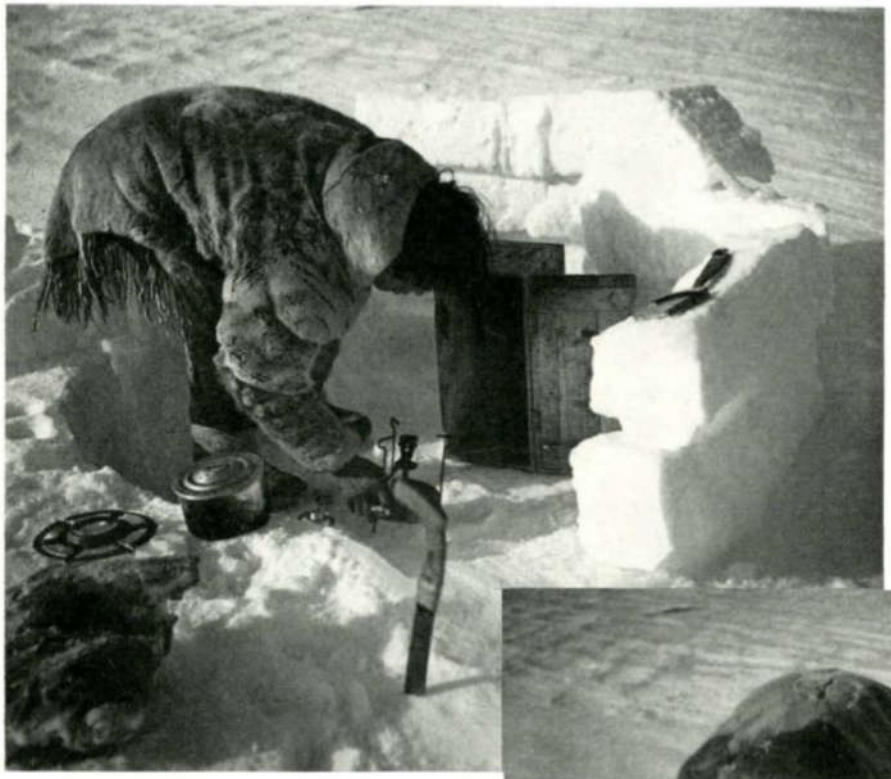
Unless it can be shown that—on the upper Great Lakes before 1790, someone built a ship of about 60 tons, with grounding keels, using white oak similar to that of the Niagara region, with bolts threaded by the 17th century method and with bolts and spikes of iron containing two to three hundredths per cent sulphur and phosphorus, without trenails, and with lead for caulking—

Then this wreck is La Salle's *Griffin*. ◆

Arctic Mug-up

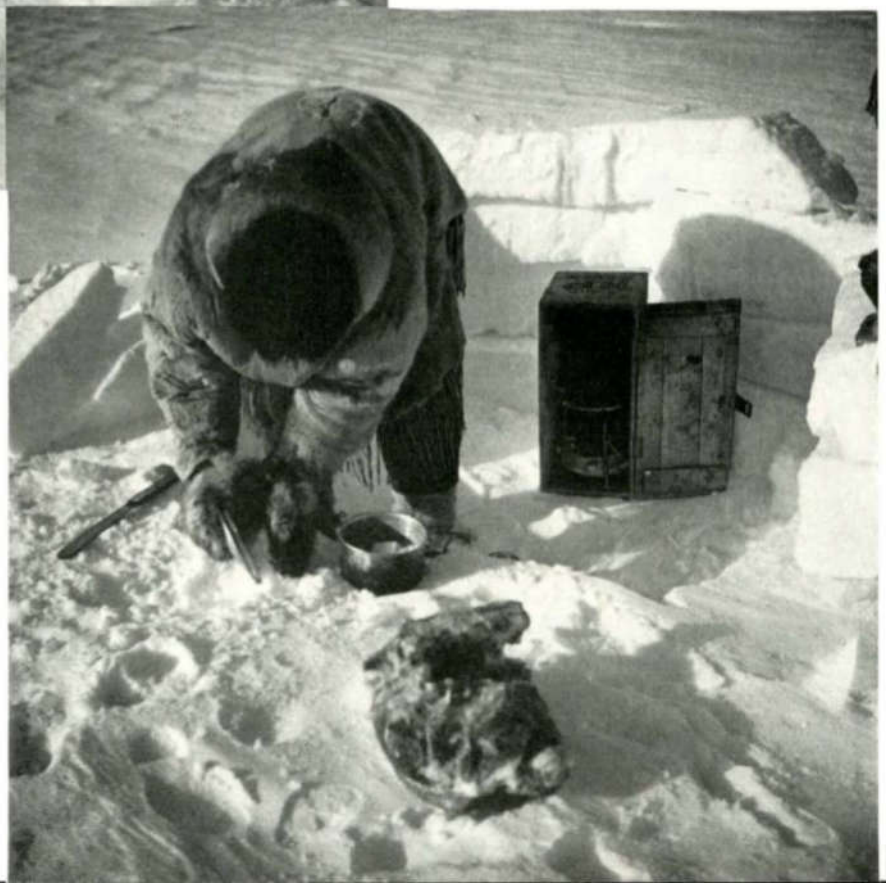
An Eskimo enjoys a tea-break behind a windbreak

by D. B. Marsh

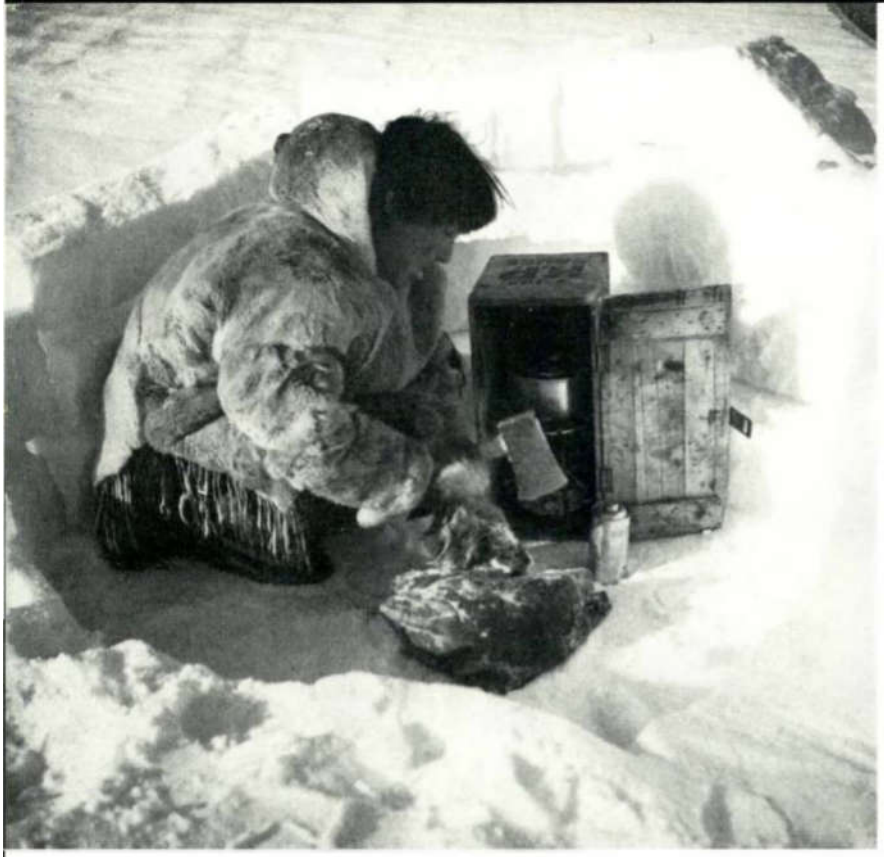


Having built a windbreak of snow blocks with the knife in the foreground, the Eskimo sets up his primus stove.

Rt. Rev. D. B. Marsh is Anglican Bishop of the Arctic. He took these photos when he was a missionary based at Eskimo Point.

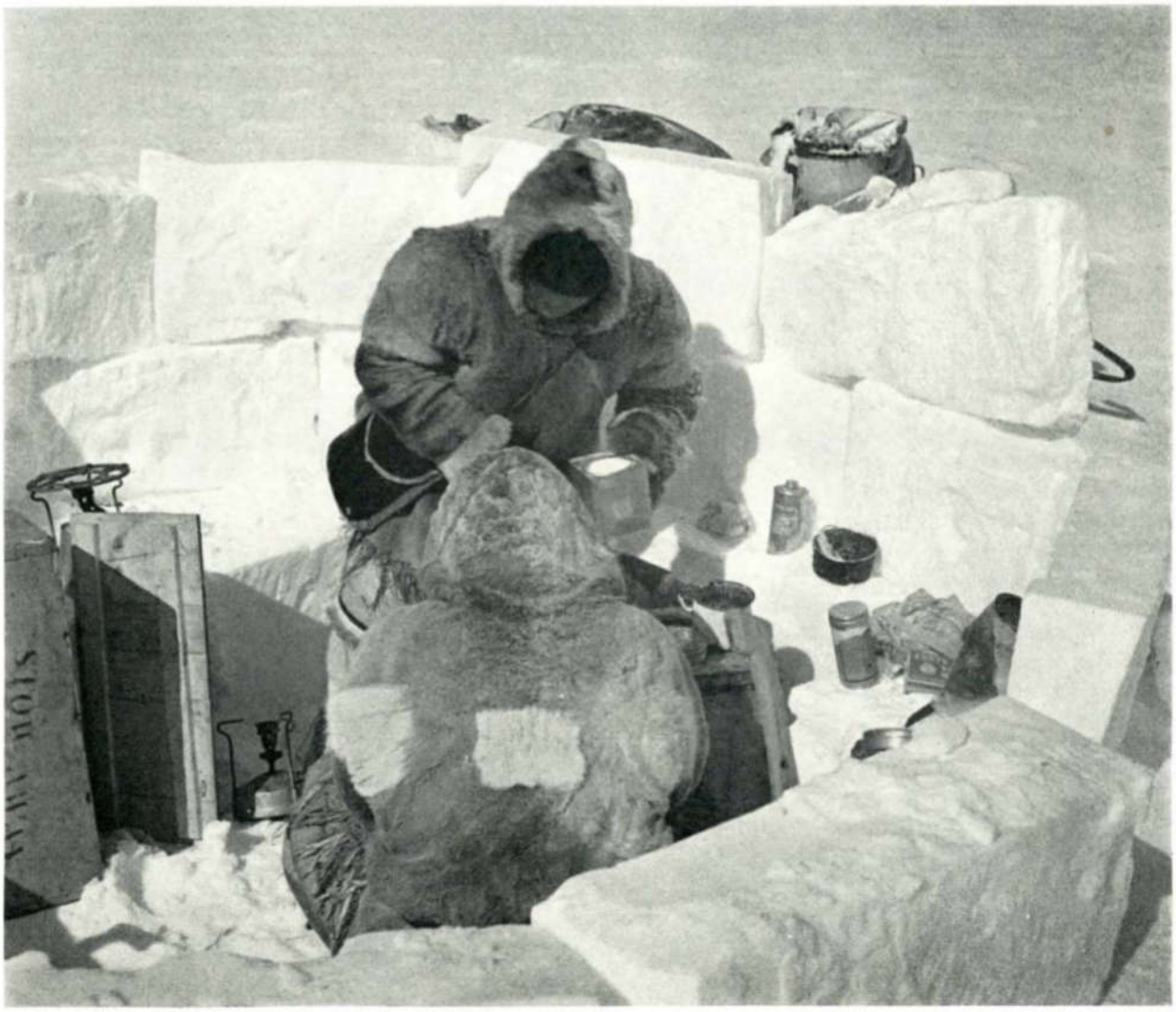


He puts the primus in the grub-box and scrapes up some snow to melt for tea-water.



With the snow-water coming to a boil in the kettle, he chops up some frozen caribou meat.

On another occasion, inside a more elaborate windbreak, two Eskimos enjoy their lunch out in the noonday sun.



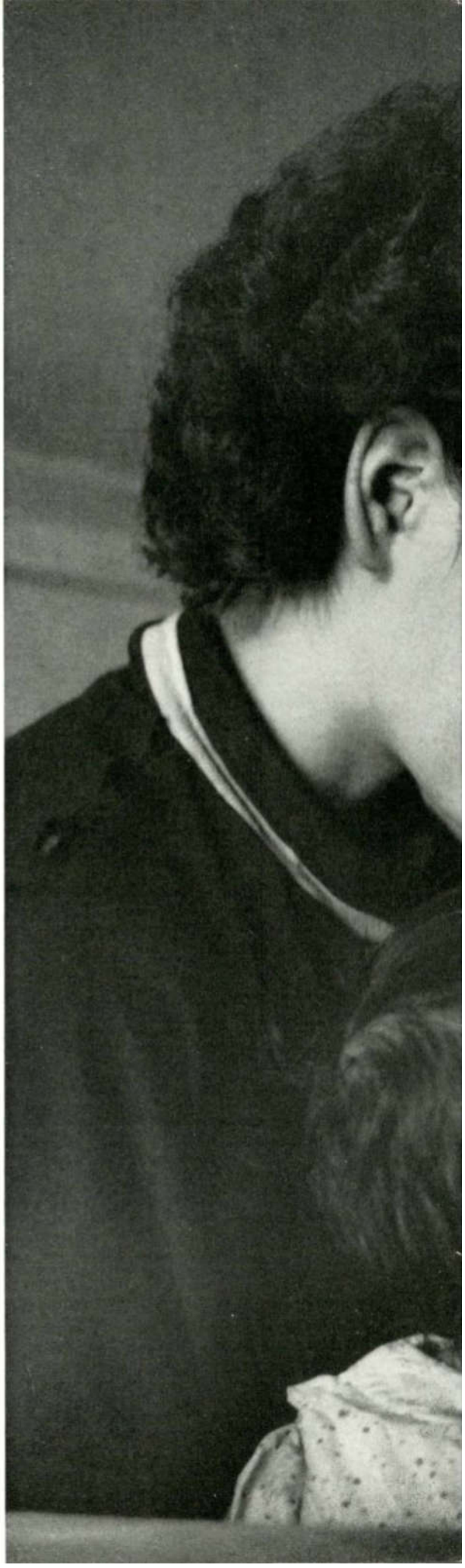
URSE

NURSE IN THE YUKON

The Public Health Nurse who works for the Territorial Government must be capable and self-reliant. This nurse looks after the health of the white and half-breed population, while another takes care of the Indian people. She lives at Whitehorse but has to make journeys to all parts of the Yukon, usually travelling by road, alone, sometimes by air, and occasionally taking a patient 'Outside' for treatment.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROSEMARY GILLIAT

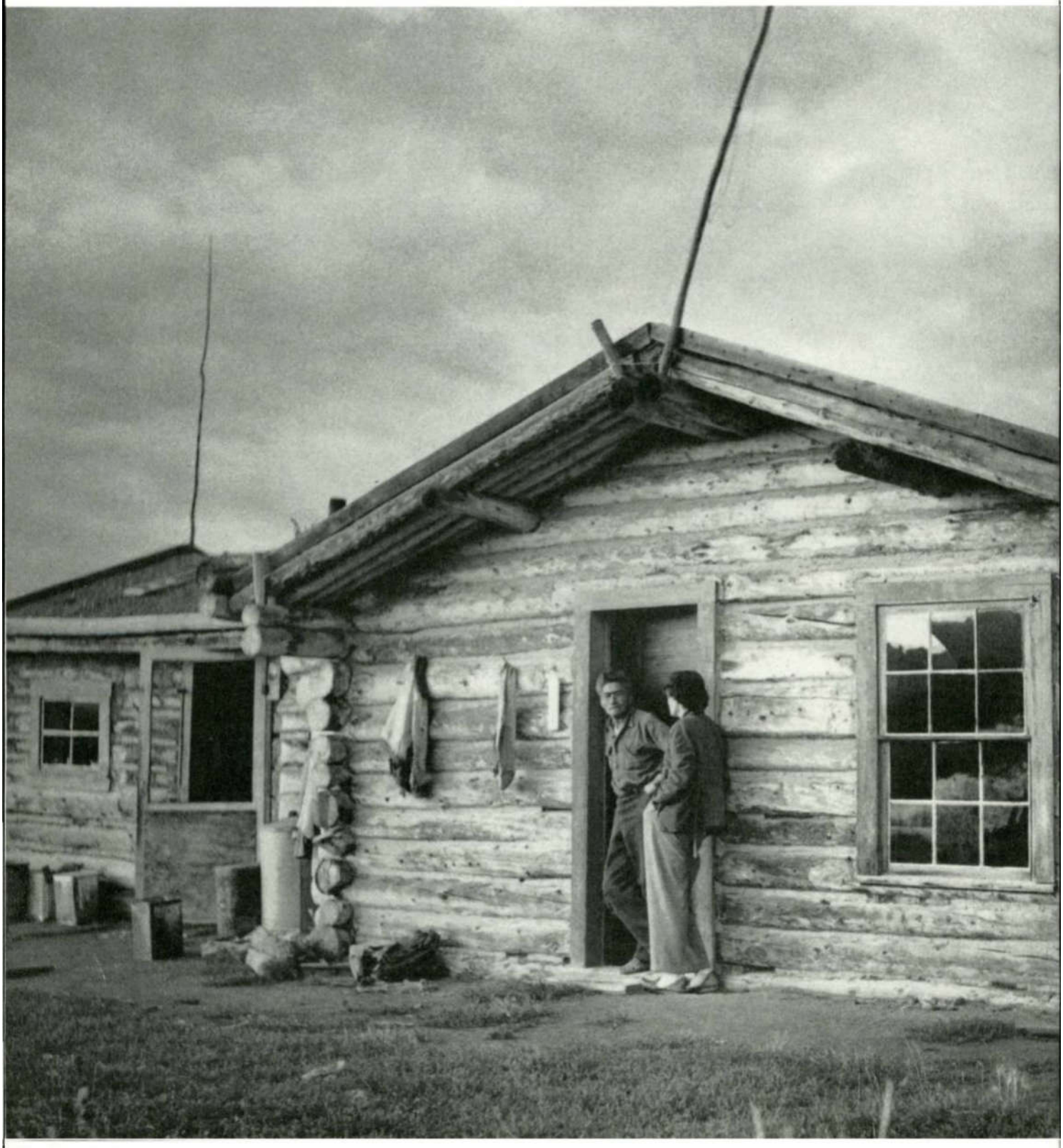
To cabin homes and to schools, the Yukon Public Health Nurse travels to give injections to the children.



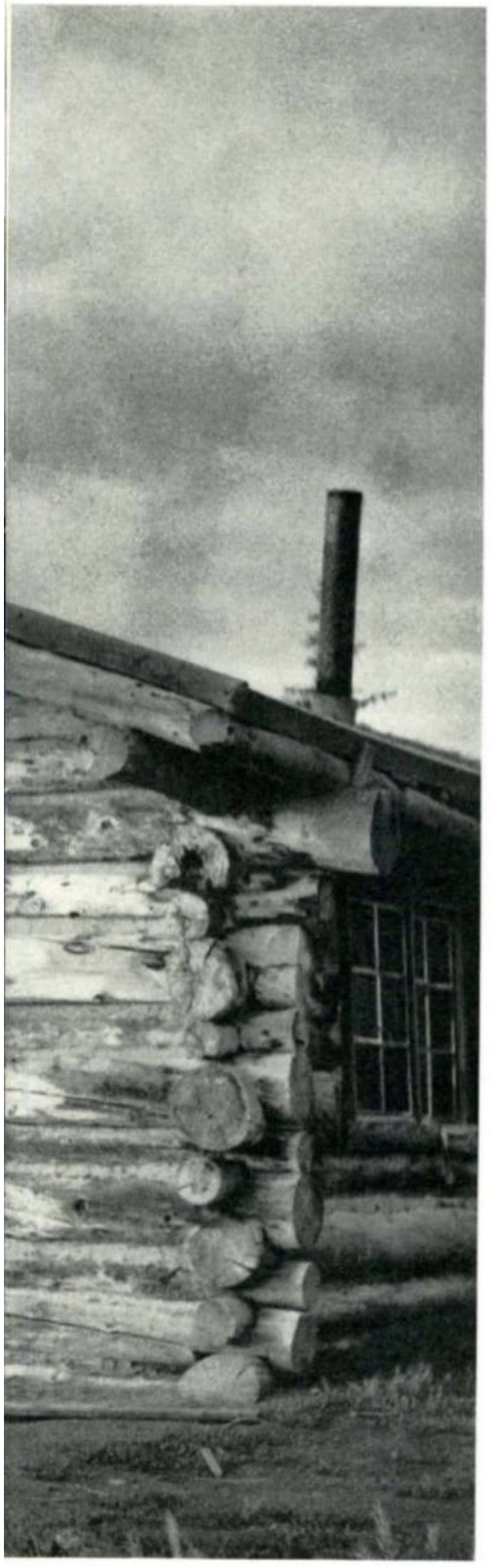
NURSE IN THE YUKON

NURSE IN

A long drive on dusty highways takes her to an isolated cabin where she tries to persuade the trapper to go into hospital for treatment. He invariably finds that he is too busy.



THE YUKON



At home, she relaxes with a friend who teaches at Whitehorse High School.

Fellow motorists are always ready to help the nurse on her lonely journeys.

Her road leads over the wooden bridge at the settlement of Carcross.

BY JAMES A. HOUSTON

James A. Houston, artist and arctic traveller, has done much to foster Eskimo arts and crafts. He is now in the Arctic Division of the Department of Northern Affairs.

the creation of ANOUTOALOAK

THE Governor General of Canada, the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey, commissioned a mace to be made for his presentation to the Northwest Territories Council.

His Excellency requested that this mace be created by Eskimos, following as closely as possible their concepts of design, and utilizing to the fullest extent materials native to the Territories.

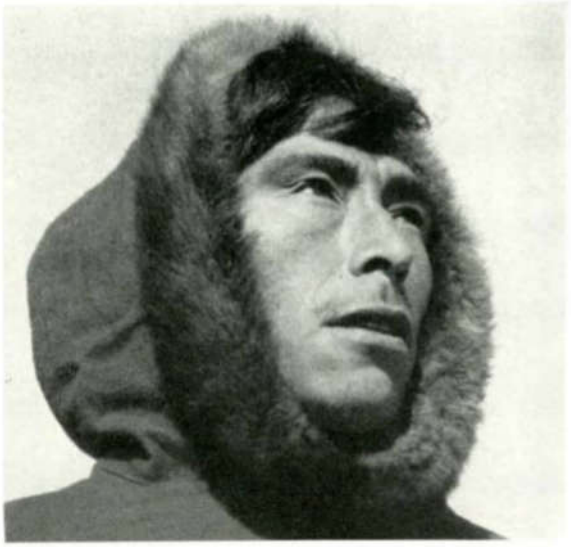
The first sketches which were made in Ottawa followed the general lines traditional in any mace. Mr. Allan Beddoe, authority on heraldry, was consulted and supplied much essential information, particularly with regard to the Edward Crown which is worn by the present Monarch and rests in the uppermost position of the mace.

Considering the native materials available it was immediately decided to use a narwhal tusk as the staff of the mace.[1]

It is generally believed that these tusks, first brought to Europe by the earliest northern travellers, originated the legend of the unicorn. Martin Frobisher who gave his name to Frobisher Bay on southeast Baffin Island, upon his return to England in 1576 brought these tusks as evidence of sea unicorns in the New World.

Other materials were whale bone, native copper from the Central Arctic, wood from an old ship and, to represent the Indians of the Territories, a porcupine quill belt of excellent design made by an Indian woman of Yellowknife.

Upon arrival at Cape Dorset, Baffin Island on July 15th, 1955, we met with Pitsulak, a splendid organizer and craftsman, and Oshaweetuk, an artist and carver of great merit, and discussed the proposed project. They agreed to divide the work, each handling the problems to which his talents were best suited.



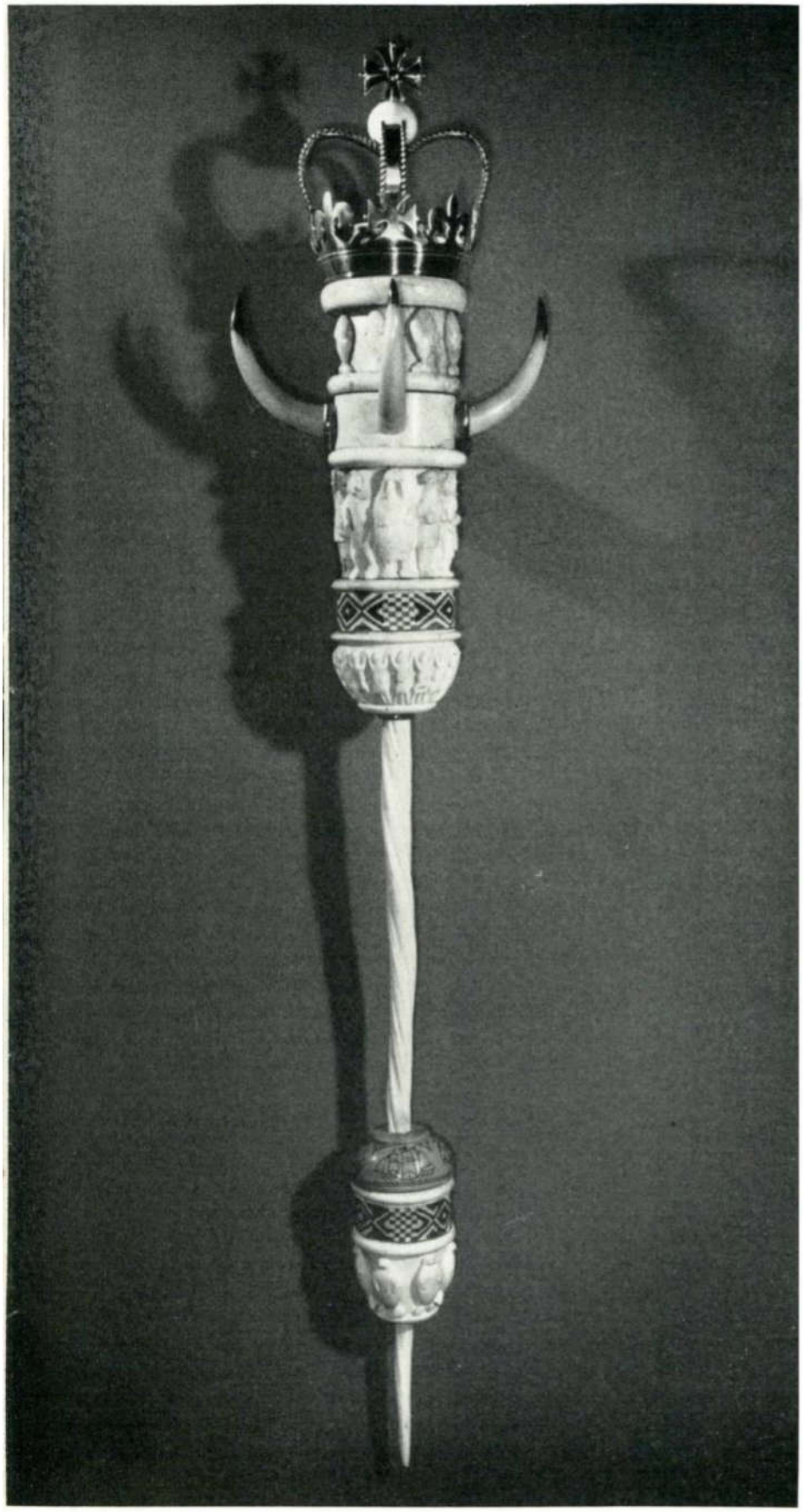
Oshaweetuk, the carver who created most of the figures on the mace.

Pitsulak, the craftsman who made the copper crown for the mace and supervised much of the work.

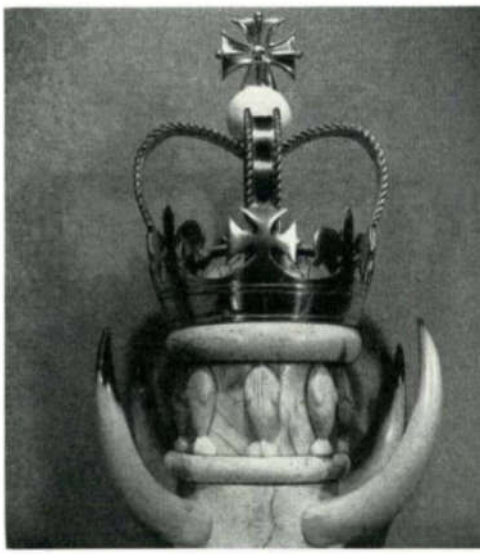
Then each of the men picked a team of three other men to assist in the work. If we were to have it for the coming year, the work on the mace had to be performed in less than a month.

The men chosen were: Lukta, Kovinaktiliak, Nuyukshawetuk, Tauki, Kavuvawak, Ashevak, and later the young man Kovinaktiliak to assist with the polishing. And although the old man Kingwachiak took no part in the carving, he came to visit us daily for the purpose of

1. This extraordinary spiralled ivory tusk, six to eight feet in length grows from the left front upper jaw of the narwhal, *Monodon monoceros*, a spotted sea mammal commonly twelve feet to eighteen feet long, that is circumpolar in distribution.

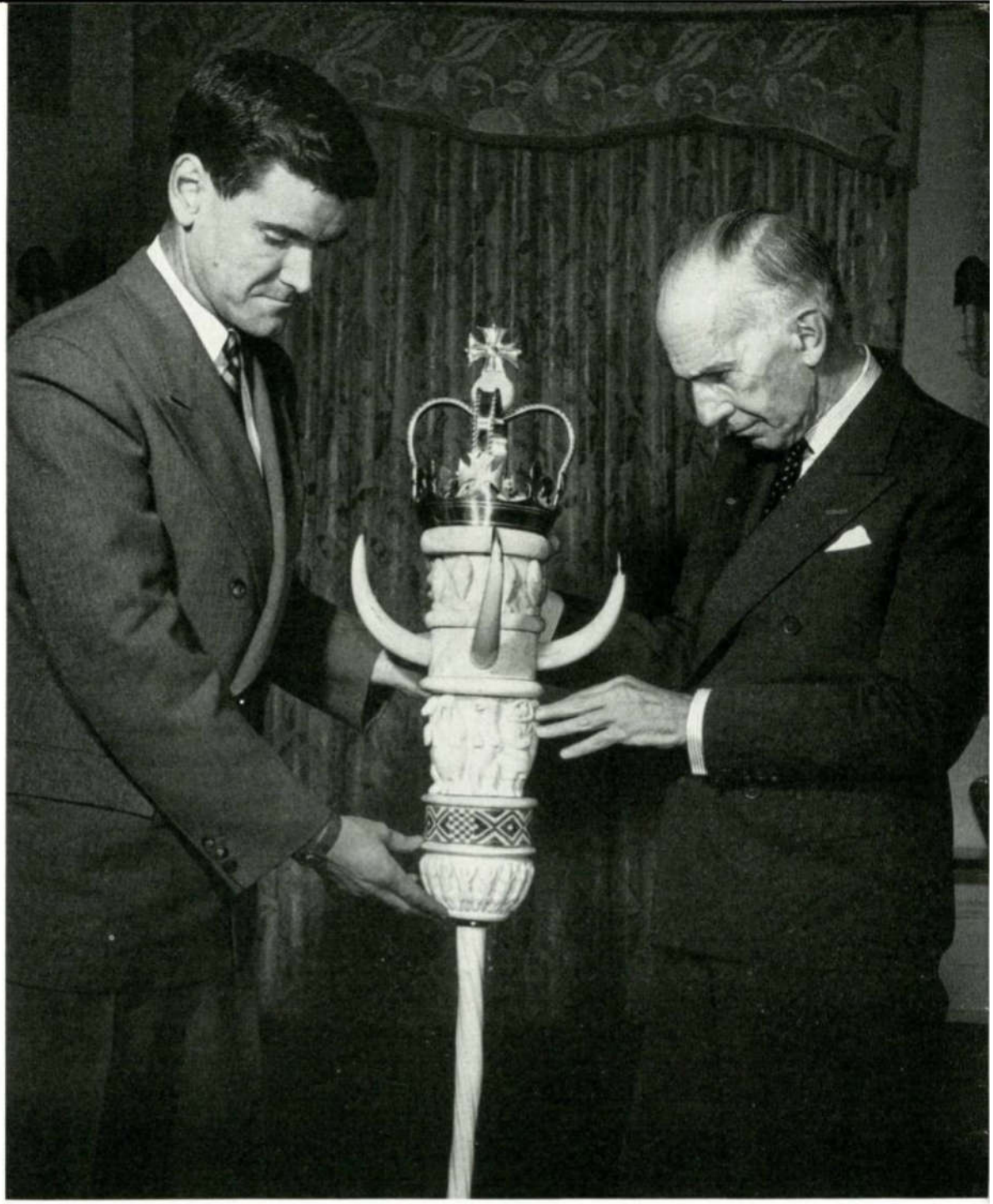


The craftsmen of Cape Dorset turn native copper, whale bone, and ivory into a mace for the Northwest Territories



The crown of copper surmounts a circle of bowhead whales and four muskox horns.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
DON BAIRD AND
CHRIS LUND



The Governor General receives the mace from James A. Houston of the Department of Northern Affairs.

singing old Eskimo songs in a fine strong voice, which greatly cheered the carvers and lightened their painstaking efforts.

At first, most of the work was carried on out of doors since the weather was pleasant enough and the men were engaged in roughly shaping the copper, gathering whale bone, and such preliminary tasks. Later we used the small native house owned by the Department of Health and Welfare.

Soon the whale bone had been shaped to its final size and the artists began carvings in high relief. The shortage of whale bone of suitable size, thickness, and condition and the shortage of time allowed no margin for error—nothing must break, nothing must be spoiled.

It was not until the second week that the crisis occurred. To make the circlet, Pitsulak conceived the idea of hammering a flat piece of copper until it was shaped like a deep bowl. Then he trimmed off the rim and bottom of the bowl, having achieved an unbroken circlet. Three days later, after the crosses and fleur-de-lis had been cut in the circlet, the hammering was resumed on the unheated copper in order to straighten the sides of the circlet. At this point, several of the main crosses and a fleur-de-lis were broken off!

A period of deepest gloom followed, when it was gravely questioned whether the making of such a crown, with unfamiliar materials was possible.

It was made possible by Udluriak, the married daughter of Pitsulak, who on hearing of the discouraging mishap offered a prize possession, her copper kettle which had been left to her mother by "the people with the turned up toes."[2]

After much work the arches of the crown were ready. Now came the elaborate twisted beading on the arches. I was in favour of leaving it off entirely, or carving it on the edges but both suggestions seemed to be unsatisfactory to the Eskimos, who proved again that their ingenuity is for all practical purposes unlimited.

After some thought they obtained a length of insulated wire which had been used on an old wind charger. Stripping away the insulation they polished, twisted, and attached this to the arches—creating precisely the effect we desired.

The four old muskox horns came from Ellesmere Island. These being of various shapes were pared down to one uniform size and then polished.

The piece of oak, symbol of the many Europeans' attempts to discover the Northwest Passage came from H.M.S. *Fury* which was lost in 1825 under the command of Captain Sir Wm. Edward Parry at Fury Point on Somerset Island. This piece was given by Superintendent Henry A. Larsen, R.C.M.P.

2. The name given to the two Lapp families that attempted to herd reindeer on south Baffin Island. This venture had been instigated by Dr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson and backed by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1921. The Lapps had lived with these Eskimos for a time and when they left gave their kettles in gratitude. This kettle bore the name, P. Talsnes, Bynaasen, on the handle.

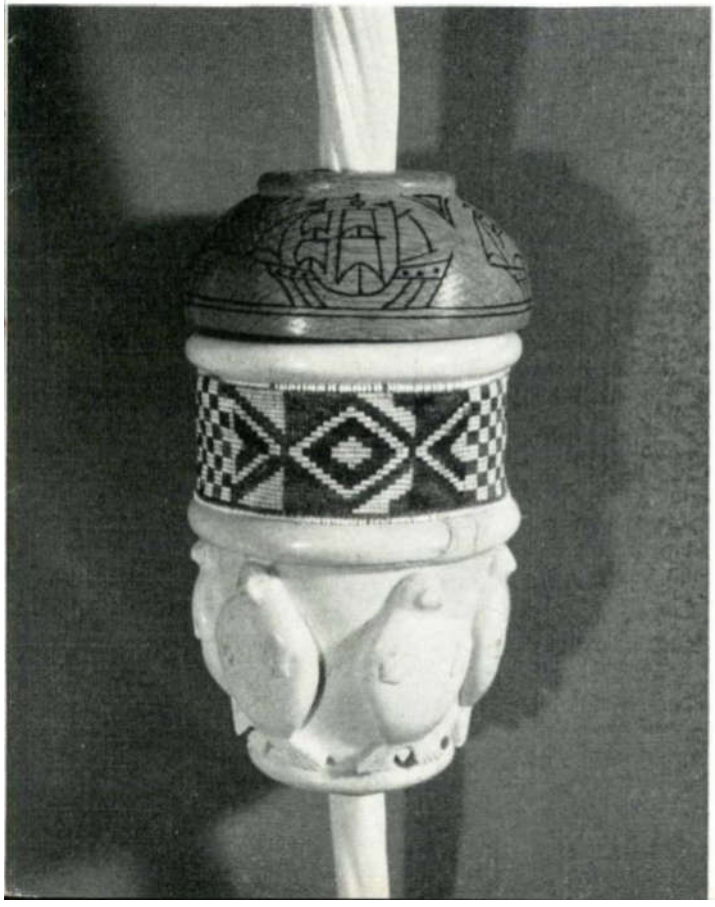
Without measuring instruments, the perfect orb of whale bone was created by Kovinaktiliak and the beautifully proportioned cross is the product of his keen eye and much delicate filing and hand polishing.

It was necessary to supply a sketch for the mace as the Eskimos had no knowledge that such a thing existed. The first concept underwent many changes by them. For example, the original sketch specified a mace three feet long. It was when they heard that the mace used in the House of Commons is five feet in length that they decided to make their mace longer. When complete, it stood five feet two inches.

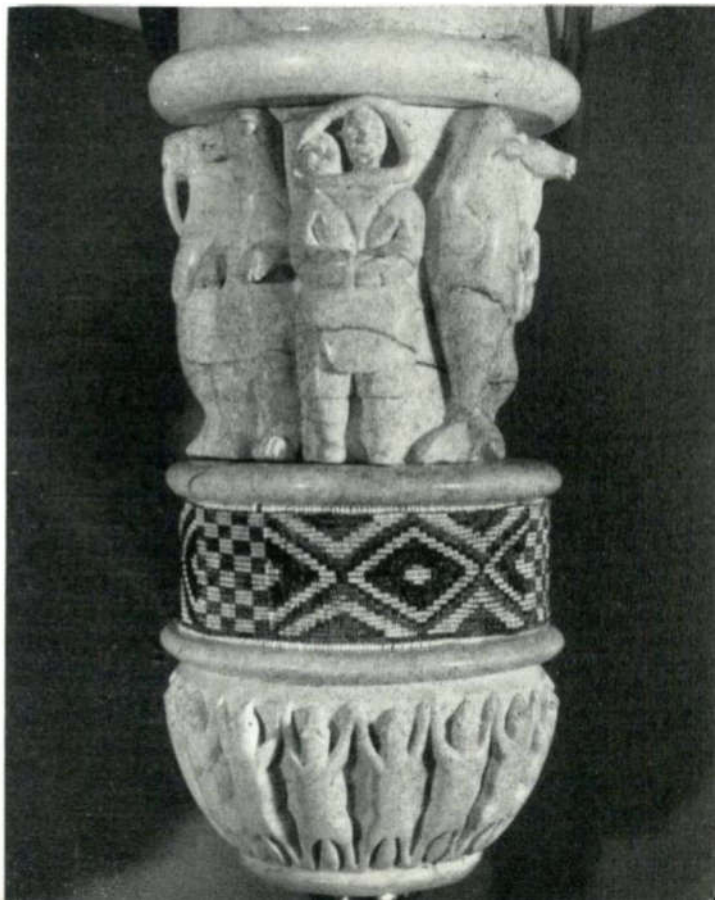
At first they referred to the mace as *pingwarkluk* (the plaything) but as it took shape and weight the name was changed to *anoutoaloak* (the big club) which is of course the original function of the mace, now almost lost in symbolism.

After three weeks work the various parts of the mace were completed and ready to be assembled. This final task was done in secrecy, although many of the other Eskimos were asking to see it. A piece of bright red cloth was donated by the Hudson's Bay Company post manager, and the finished mace was hung before it. Only then were the people allowed to enter and gaze at the masterpiece of art and craftsmanship. The carvers were seated together beside the mace, carving dust brushed from their clothing, and faces bright with excitement. For here, truly, was something Eskimo of grand proportions, made of things from the tundra and from the sea, a symbol of the Arctic and its indomitable people. ◆

The piece of oak from H.M.S. *Fury*, lost in 1825 at Somerset Island, represents the many attempts to find the Northwest Passage. The porcupine quill work was made by an Indian woman of Yellowknife.



Detail of carving on the mace shows a bear, a mother and child, and a white whale, all carved from a solid piece of whale bone. Below the quill work is a relief of white foxes, symbol of the riches of the North.



Cold Wave in the Arctic

A small item carried by the Canadian newspapers sums up better than most things the astonishing changes now taking place in the Canadian North. It dealt with Beverley Semmler of Aklavik and Charles Soupay of Arctic Red River. Miss Semmler is learning to become a qualified hairdresser and Mr. Soupay a watch repairer.

Other Eskimos and Indians from the North, of course, are also learning trades but none of them trades so seemingly vital to our particular brand of civilization. What man in North America can get along without a watch and what woman without a hairdresser? It is consoling to know that northern travellers will no longer have to face, at any rate in Aklavik, a breakdown of either of these contemporary fetishes.

The courses are provided by the Department of Northern Affairs and Aklavik citizens have gone as far south as Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to complete them. They include electronics, forest management, nursing, and the operation of modern construction machinery.

Too True

The other day we picked up a little book about Quebec City, written by a tourist, and in it we came across this passage:

"Here was a small bit of mediaeval Europe perched upon a rock, and dried for keeping, in this north-east corner of America, a curiosity that has not its equal, in its kind, on this side of the ocean . . . We rode about as if we were in a picture-book, turning over a new leaf at each street! . . . The place should always be kept old. Let people go somewhere else for modern improvements. It is a shame, when Quebec placed herself far out of the way . . . that it should be hunted and harassed with new-fangled notions, and all the charming inconveniences, and the irregularities of narrow and tortuous streets, that so delight a traveller's eyes, should be altered to suit the fantastic notions of modern people."

But just in case you think that was written recently, we'd better add that it appeared some ninety years ago in the old New York *Ledger*, and was penned by no less a personage than Henry Ward Beecher. Perhaps some of his remarks are not inapplicable to-day—and to a lot of places other than Quebec.

Hot Tip in Winnipeg

A friend at the Minnesota Historical Society has sent us the following choice item, originally printed in the *Union* of St. Cloud, northwest of St. Paul, in 1862:

"A handsome Boston Fire Engine passed our office yesterday, and on enquiring where it was being taken, learned that it belonged to the Hudson Bay Company and was going to Selkirk [Winnipeg], a British settlement 500 miles North west of us.

"Naturally speculating in our own mind what possible uses a Fire Engine could be put to in that sparsely settled region, we modestly inquired of the man in charge, what they were going to do with it there. 'Do with it!' said the fellow, raising his weather-beaten face, with a melancholy smile playing over his sombre features—'do with it, sir! it is to be used as a hot water battery to scald the Indians with!' Receiving our stare of incredulity, he gave a dreary whistle and drove on.

"That man ought not to be at large."

NORTHERN BOOKS

ARCTIC COMMAND, by Roland Wild. Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1955. 194 pages. $4.00.

Reviewed by J. W. Anderson

ALTHOUGH written by Roland Wild, this volume will always be known to H B C people as "Captain Smellie's book." Certainly most of us who knew the Captain will feel that it has lost some of the "saltiness" that his own words would have lent it. And being fact and not fiction, it perhaps lacks some of the "glamour" of many books written on northern subjects. But it is a book that had to be written, for few mariners have had such an adventurous career, covering as it did the transition from sail to steam. And fewer still are living who can claim a Master's certificate in both.

A Master Mariner who was making 2½ year voyages before the turn of the present century, who was "trooping" in the Russo-Japanese war in 1906, and who sailed the oceans of the earth before specializing in the Arctic, certainly has an interesting story to tell. And it is set forth in this book with many a fascinating side-line. But it is in the Arctic, and particularly the Canadian Arctic, that Captain Smellie made his greatest claim to fame. For thirty years he sailed under the H B C flag, most of the time in the famous R.M.S. *Nascopie*.

The Arctic is a hard task-master, particularly so in the days when Captain Smellie first sailed its waters and before the advent of the present aids to navigation. But always he "delivered the goods" on which life in the Arctic depended. This reviewer and many another passenger can remember dark and stormy Arctic nights—wild nights with the *Nascopie* rolling and pitching. But when bed-time came you rolled into your berth to sleep (if you could stay there) with an easy mind. For "The Old Man" was on the bridge.

Naturally, in his Arctic career, Captain Smellie has performed many skilful feats of navigation. One such occasion comes to mind, when, in late September, the *Nascopie* was steaming south from Thule in Greenland to Pond Inlet on northern Baffin Island. The afternoon was waning when the tip of Bylot Island hove in sight, marking the entrance to Pond Inlet. Heavily laden clouds hung low in the sky. Would the *Nascopie* make the inlet while visibility was still good? Down came the snow before we reached the inlet. As we entered the wind fell to an eerie calm. It was like being in a fairy land of large snow-flakes falling gently on the deck, and so thick that you could scarcely see the bow of the ship, let alone the shorelines of the inlet. Passengers were clustered on deck, wondering how the Captain could navigate the ship, for this was before the days of radar. Slowly and steadily we steamed in. Tension and excitement mounted when suddenly the engines stopped, the order was given and the anchor dropped. We had arrived at Pond Inlet but could see nothing. Then as abruptly as it came, the snow ceased and there in front of us, a few hundred yards distant, was Pond Inlet Post! To many of the passengers, certainly to this reviewer, it was an uncanny example of the Captain's skill.

There is a foreword by Sir Patrick Ashley Cooper who, as Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, sailed with Captain Smellie on the *Nascopie* in 1934. And there is a very understanding introduction by Dr. Dennis Jordan who was physician and surgeon on the *Nascopie* in 1944 and 1955.

This book is a tribute to a man who served Canada well as one of the most skilful Arctic navigators of this century.

• Mr. J. W. Anderson has served the Hudson's Bay Company since 1910, living many years in the North.

GEOGRAPHY OF THE NORTHLANDS, edited by G. H. T. Kimble and Dorothy Good. American Geographical Society and J. Wiley & Sons, New York, University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 1955. $10.50.

Reviewed by J. Lewis Robinson

GEOGRAPHY of the Northlands is a college textbook which has long been needed for regional geography courses. The book has had a chequered history in the course of preparation. It began as the idea of Prof. George Kimble when he was head of the Geography Department at McGill University, and director of the arctic courses at the famed McGill Summer School of Geography at Stanstead, Quebec. Many of the chapters were written during 1948-49 by members of the McGill staff or persons associated with the summer school. As in many a symposium text, some of the authors did not prepare their chapters, and other chapters became out-of-date as publication was delayed. Final editing was done by Dorothy Good at the American Geographical Society. As a result of the delays some of the chapters have few recent references to the new northern literature, and statistical sources are not consistent.

The book combines the systematic and regional approaches to the northern parts (arctic and subarctic) of the northern hemisphere. In the chapter on native people, which would appear to be of interest to many readers, the North American Eskimos are dismissed with only two pages, and about the only statement regarding Canadian Eskimos is an inaccurate one saying that they number only 3,500.

This reviewer found the Alaska chapter annoying because of the continuous use of the superlative in all description and the repeated plea for statehood to solve

• Dr. J. Lewis Robinson is chairman of the division of geography at the University of British Columbia.

most problems. The chapter on northwestern Canada, apparently prepared on short notice, shows good use of a few sources, but a lack of knowledge of the region. This chapter alone has 12 to 15 minor factual errors.

The book will serve a very important purpose in geography course curriculums; but I doubt if it will be read through in its entirety by the general reading public that is interested in the North.

JOHN A. MACDONALD, THE OLD CHIEFTAIN, by Donald Creighton. Macmillan, Toronto, 1955. 630 pages. $5.75.

Reviewed by George Ferguson

THREE years ago Donald Creighton published the first volume of the biography of John A. Macdonald. It brought the life of Canada's greatest statesman up to the year of Confederation in 1867 and was, by any standard, a sound and impressive piece of historical writing. The work has now been completed by the publication of *John A. Macdonald, the Old Chieftain.*

Mr. Creighton, writing with confidence and assurance, has completed the finest biography ever written about a Canadian. If there were any readers who found the first volume, *The Young Politician,* in any respect tentative and baffling as an introduction to a study in greatness, they will find *The Old Chieftain* satisfying in every respect. It is not easy to trace the strands and fibres of a man's stature. This book, on page after page, analyses and explains why and how it was that, from 1867 until his death in 1891, "Old Tomorrow" with a single five-year interregnum, built and dominated the Canada that has become a pride and an envy in the free world of today.

Creighton has not done this with any distorted idealism. He recites in due detail but also in due perspective, the events and the occasions which drove Macdonald into lengthy sprees. They were usually crises when he needed all his wits about him. These were the occasions when, hard driven by pressures, he gave way to drink.

One such incident is fully recited. Macdonald had gone to Halifax in 1878 to greet the Marquess of Lorne and the Princess Louise. He went on a bender, refusing to see anyone or to do any business. At last the ship with the new Governor-General on board was sighted and the reception party had to be organized. Macdonald's secretary went to the Prime Minister's room, knocked and entered—

"Macdonald, pale, haggard, 'looking more dead than alive' lay in bed; and the counterpane was strewn with a muddle of books, documents, and newspapers. The secretary stuttered out his important message. The Governor-General's ship, he quavered, was nearly in port and Macdonald must get up and prepare for the reception.

"Macdonald raised himself in bed, regarded the secretary with extreme distaste, and pointed with an imperious finger to the door.

" 'Vamoose,' he said, 'from this ranch.' "

Such occasions were counter-balanced by astounding recoveries on which, Creighton said, the man drew from inner resources, strength he could hardly be expected to show. Weakness was replaced by vigour and resourcefulness and a grasp of affairs which drew ungrudging admiration from the successive Governors-General under whom he served in a relationship very different, and far more active than that which exists between Canada's Prime Minister and the self-effacing and powerless viceroys of today.

The Old Chieftain is dominated by three themes. The first is Canada's relationship with the United States. Creighton's first volume emphasized how the young Macdonald was influenced by the lawless raids across the border of his earlier years. He never forgot these. Until he died he was suspicious of American ambitions upon Canada. When he declared, in his last election, "A British subject I was born—a British subject I will die," he was expressing not the cynical emotionalism of a politician seeking votes; he was expressing the only sentiment which, he believed, could keep Canada Canadian. From the frustrating negotiation of the Washington treaty in 1871, when he was brutally kicked about by his fellow delegates on the British delegation, until 1891 when he was returned to power for the last time, he was concerned with nation-building. British support was, he knew, the only possible counter-balance to the urgent and continuing pressures of an expanding United States.

As to nation-building, the second of the three big themes of the book, the instrument was the Canadian Pacific Railway. Its completion runs like a *leit motif* through all his activities from the first contract with Sir Hugh Allan in 1871—the disastrous contract which ended with the Pacific scandal and his sole electoral defeat—until the final triumphant telegram from Van Horne on November 7, 1885. The story of the Pacific scandal is told in full. No mitigation of unfavourable facts is attempted. But Creighton amply justifies the judgment of another noted Canadian historian, Professor Chester Martin who, in his last book, declares without reservation that the Canadian Pacific made Western Canada and that, by any reasonable contemporary judgment, it deserved well of Canada. Prairie readers brought up on the long struggle against rail monopolies and freight rates would do well to ponder the judgments of Creighton and of Martin. Without the railway, there would have been no Canada on which a future could be built.

The last of the three themes of the book—the relationship of French and English Canada—displays what is probably the weak point in Macdonald's statesmanship. In his earlier years and in the negotiations leading up to Confederation, he was supported by the sound and brilliant statesmanship of his colleague, Sir Georges Etienne Cartier. When Cartier died in 1873 he was never able to find again a Quebec colleague of comparable calibre. The result was that his touch became uncertain. In the Red River rebellion of 1870 he found advisers of good sense and informed

• Mr. George Ferguson is editor of the *Montreal Star*

judgment among the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company. He did not, in difficult circumstances, go too far wrong. In the North-West Rebellion of 1885, Macdonald completely misjudged the violence of Quebec's reaction to Riel's execution. He was confident, completely confident, that the storm in Quebec was a storm in a teacup, that the advent to power of Honoré Mercier in Quebec, was the temporary manifestation of an emotional reaction that would quickly die down. He was astonished and confused by his realizaton of the fact that what had seemed to him to be nothing more than due process of law against treason should evoke such deep-seated responses. Quebec, so he believed, had always been "*bleu*" and nothing could shake its allegiance to Toryism. Because Quebec is genuinely tory, in the English sense, he believed it was also Tory in the Canadian sense of the term. The result was the alienation which has never been fundamentally altered. This was a limitation on Macdonald's statesmanship. The rest of the balance-sheet is overwhelmingly in his favour. Because of that his fame and reputation deserve to remain where Mr. Creighton's appraisal places them—beyond compare in the annals of Canadian history.

FAVOURITE FLIES AND THEIR HISTORIES, by Mary Orvis Marbury. Charles T. Branford Co., Boston, $15.00 in U.S.A.

Reviewed by G. W. Malaher

TO any fly fisherman or amateur craftsman in the art of tying flies the title of this book is almost irresistible, and it was in high anticipation that this reviewer opened it. The illustrations printed in six colours are undoubtedly the best obtainable by that process and are of particular interest in observing the changes made in many fly patterns which still remain popular today, more than fifty years after the original book was published.

In the opening chapter on "Insects, Natural and Artificial," the author states, "Except to a studious few, dissertations upon the intricacies of entomology and of artificial-fly nomenclature are wearisome and to be avoided." She then consumes twenty-four pages in such a dissertation.

Charles F. Orvis was undoubtedly a celebrated craftsman of fishing flies in his day. The 291 flies illustrated here were all tied by him. Had he passed on to succeeding generations of fly fishermen the written description of materials used in their making, this book written by his daughter would have been of far greater value and interest.

In the opinion of this reviewer the reprinting of *Favourite Flies and Their Histories* in its entirety has not provided for the fly-fisherman of this generation the concise history and reference one might fairly expect from the title. On the other hand a revision of the original, bringing together the pertinent and interesting historical facts, the illustration and, if still possible, the information on the materials used by Charles F. Orvis in the construction of each fly, would have full place in any fly-fisherman's library. It could well retain most of the interesting anecdotes and stories such as that of Tomah Joe, but should eliminate the voluminous and frequently tedious succession of rambling personal letters written a half century ago.

• Mr. G. W. Malaher is director of the game and fisheries branch of the Manitoba Government.

IN SEARCH OF THE MAGNETIC NORTH, by John Henry Lefroy. Edited by George F. G. Stanley. The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Toronto, 1955. 171 pages. $3.50.

Reviewed by Geo. M. Douglas

JOHN Henry Lefroy, the son of an English clergyman, entered the Royal Military College at Woolwich, and in 1834 was gazetted second lieutenant in the Royal Artillery. He became especially interested in terrestrial magnetism and studied under the leading magneticians of the time, principally at the University Observatory at Dublin. He was appointed to the observatory at St. Helena in 1840, and in 1842 was sent to take charge of the recently established observatory at Toronto. An important part of his intended duties included a series of magnetic observations to be undertaken throughout the far north of Canada. A journey which took him from Lachine to Fort Good Hope involved 6,000 miles of travel by canoe and toboggan, and took nearly two years to accomplish. This book contains his letters, written during his travels, to his family and to scientific friends.

Personal letters of travel in little known countries are often the most vivid form of description, excelling daily journals in this respect, and these of Lefroy, intimate and uninhibited, give a lively impression of travel in the far North and especially of the daily life at the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. For it is the little things that matter: what they ate, what they wore, how they made camp, and the sites chosen, their means of protection from weather, and, again and again, what they ate. The labours of Lefroy and his assistant, Bombardier Henry, were unremitting, and the difficulties of taking observations and of working up the results were extreme.

Lefroy's acute observation misses little, and his graceful and felicitous style adorns everything he touches. His letters, in their simple truth and freedom from exaggeration are an example to writers about the North of this day who, to use Lefroy's words, "take extreme and uncommon cases as every day occurrences." Of the people he met Sir George Simpson was the most notable: "He is the toughest looking old fellow I ever saw, built upon the Egyptian model, height two diameters, or like one of those short square massy pillars one sees in an old country church."

Lefroy travelled by the canoe route of the North West Co. already fallen into disuse except for light and rapid travel. Of Fort William, once the principal depot of the North Westers he says: "It is the largest establishment in the country. The Wreck, rather, of one, for as the greater

• Mr. George M. Douglas is an accomplished northern traveller, and author of *Lands Forlorn*.

part of this Company's furs go home from Hudson Bay they have suffered it to fall in ruins. Ranges of stores and sheds are empty, and the old Mess House, sixty feet long, in which so many hardy traders used to tell of their exploits, is now a shed of canoes, half a ruin"—its fate even that of the courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep—and Jamshyd himself had nothing on these hardy Nor'westers in these respects.

Lefroy notes how the various forts are supplied with food according to the game available. Fort Chipewyan was fortunate in supplies of fish, flesh, and fowl; while Fort Simpson, though a much finer establishment than Chipewyan, "is one of the poorest in the country in the means of subsistence." However, they had a farm of 15 acres, and in the year before Lefroy arrived had grown 140 bushels of barley and a large crop of potatoes, which, with cattle, "is an entirely new feature of this country and adds immensely to the comfort of life here."

Mothers, especially modern flat-dwelling mothers, might apply Lefroy's humourous suggestion to avoid the squalling of babies: "You must have noticed that children are obliged to kick to help themselves scream now the Indians tie their children hand and foot, they swaddle them up in soft moss and strap them down to a board the moment they are born; the consequence is they cannot scream. Indian children are remarkably quiet."

Lefroy returned by way of the Peace River, Fort Dunvegan, Edmonton, and the North Saskatchewan route. He came on the last stage by way of Lake Simcoe and arrived at Toronto with much eclat:

"In spite of all I could do people would give them [the two Indians who remained of his crew] liquor, and they arrived at Toronto singing French paddling songs all the way up the streets so that I heard them half a mile off and so all the way up our avenue to our Observatory—just as they were accustomed to do on arriving at a fort."

NORTHERN TREASURY. Selections from *The Beaver*. Edited by Clifford Wilson. Thomas Nelson & Sons, Toronto, 1955. 237 pages. $3.50.

Reviewed by Margaret Stobie

THIS seems to have been a year of summing-up in Canada, of looking back and evaluating what has been. *Northern Treasury* is the most recent of a number of publications reflecting this general awareness that we have reached a turning point, and that it would be well to examine what we have come from before we choose a new direction.

The book consists of twenty-four articles that have appeared in this magazine since it assumed its present form in 1933. In making his selections, Mr. Clifford Wilson, the editor of *The Beaver* since 1939, has had a two-fold purpose: to represent the nature of the magazine, and beyond that to suggest the spirit and the reality of a geographical area once ruled by the fur-traders.

The collection does credit to a fine and unusual magazine, whose reputation by now is well-known. There are representative articles on the land, the inhabitants, and the creatures of the North, on travel of various kinds, on settlers of the plains, and on people of the fur-trade. If some of the writing is less exciting than the material, still the material is there, as historians and other reputable writers on the North have realized to their advantage. And then there are the tales, the stuff from which legend is woven. In "The Beaver Club," Mr. Wilson reveals the significance of the magazine's name. The Beaver Club was a dining club, formed in Montreal in 1785 by a group of Nor'Westers, whose gatherings were memorable. *Northern Treasury* is not, perhaps, Gargantuan revelry by night, yet the tales here—the horse that ate bacon, the French Counts of St. Hubert, the adventures of the *Nascopie*, the corpse, seven years dead, that talked—these undoubtedly echo the tales that passed along the table with the fine food and wine. The Beaver Club is well commemorated.

And so is the North itself. The most delightful article in the book is "Old Time Trading," by Peter Freuchen, in which Mr. Freuchen and the Eskimo with whom he deals exhibit an oriental nicety in the art of self-deprecation as they both work steadily toward their goal. But beside such gaiety is J. W. Nichols' grim journal of his trip to Arctic Bay in the winter of 1924-5. Most of the book is in commemoration of what Guy Blanchet calls "the passing of the simpler, sturdier life when men met the wilderness and conquered it by strength and skill and courage." The new North of airplane travel and radar stations and defence lines is not here, yet its absence is proper in an appraisal of what has been.

The quality that emerges predominantly from the appraisal is that of peace. Douglas Mackay, the first editor of *The Beaver*, reflects on the fur-traders who "kept the peace in vast wilderness territory on a scale which offered no parallel in history," and Stephen Leacock, in a remarkable essay that is both amusing and moving, dwells on its pervasiveness. Leacock concludes: "Here is this vast, beautiful space—the last part of human heritage to be reached and explored by man . . . Let us see to it that in the new trust of the future of the North we make fewer errors than in the old."

The quality of the North is symbolic of our country as a whole. Our history has not been one of wars, but a deeply civilized history of peace. It is this in our past that we may be grateful for and proud of, as we look forward with some anxiety to what the new North means.

* Mrs. Stobie, who contributed to the last two issues of *The Beaver* is frequently heard on the C.B.C. network.

HUDSON'S BAY

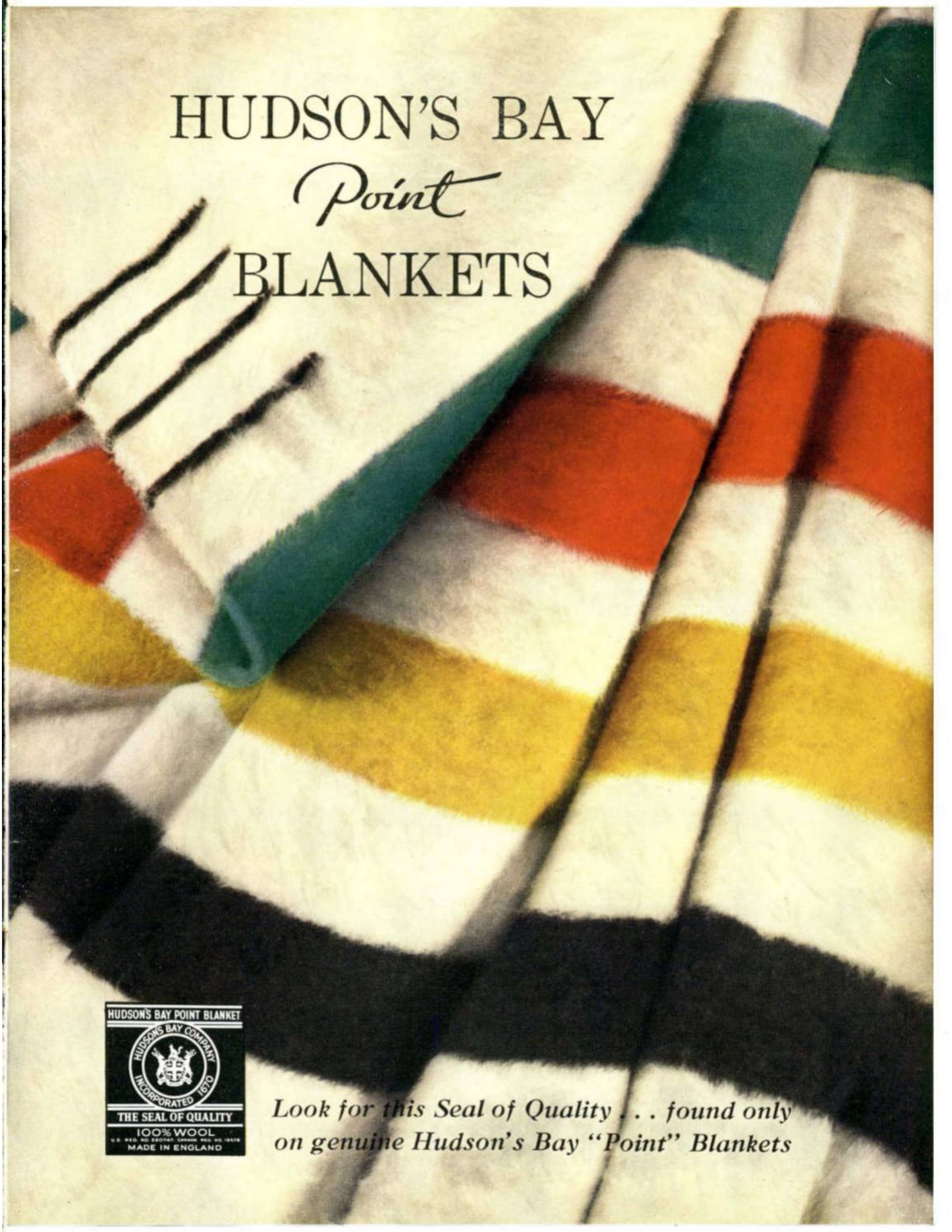
Leisure Wear

in a wide range of authentic tartans and plain shades

light weight
hand washable
fine imported fabric
superbly tailored

for men and women

SHIRTS TO MATCH A PLAYFUL MOOD


HUDSON'S BAY
Point
BLANKETS
HUDSON'S BAY POINT BLANKET
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
INCORPORATED 1670
THE SEAL OF QUALITY
100% WOOL
MADE IN ENGLAND
Look for this Seal of Quality . . . found only
on genuine Hudson's Bay "Point" Blankets